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A VICTIM OF THE RUSSIAN REIGN OF TERROR: M. DE PLEHVE, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, ASSASSINATED JULY 28.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEVITSKY.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. James Grahame writes me an interesting letter about "doubles" and other coincidences. Partly they illustrate the proverbial clannishness of the Scot in a remarkable way. Mr. Grahame has roamed about the world; but wherever he is, some member of his family is drawn to him by magnetic attraction. At a hotel in Edinburgh he found in his room, carefully addressed to him, an elixir from the hairdresser's. Having no need for "thy incomparable oil, Macassar," as Bon Gaultier called it in his burlesque of Byron, Mr. Grahame summoned a minion to take it away. "Was there another Grahame in the hotel?" he asked. There was; and, of course, it was none other than his brother, just come all the way from Queensland. The same hotel chanced to be so full on another occasion that Mr. Grahame was begged by the landlord to resign his room to a lady who had to catch an early train next morning. He made shift with a "shake-down" in the smoking-room, cheered by the thought that the true squire of dames is the squire who never sees the dame. Her gratitude was brought to him on a salver; and when he came down to breakfast she had flown into the wide, wide world.

Not too wide, however, for the Clan Grahame! Years later, in the bonnie West Country, my friend met the lady; and, of course, she was the wife of his cousin, Sheriff Grahame of Inveraray. Do you say such coincidences may easily happen to the Scot in Scotland? Prepare to be confounded, scoffers; for when Mr. Grahame was at St. Paul, Minnesota, and had an appointment with Mr. James Hill, a railway magnate, who should come strolling into the hotel but another Hill—Robert Grahame Hill, the inevitable kinsman? Yes, Mr. James Grahame long ago discovered that the sentiment of the old song—"There's no place like home"—is fallacious to a Scot, for whom every place is sure to be honoured by a rally of the Clan. As for eminent "doubles," he found America full of them. He had met Mr. Gladstone before leaving Britain; and here in a Minnesota auction-room, wielding the hammer, was Mr. G. to the life. Down South Mr. Grahame saw a familiar figure enter his hotel. "I said, 'What can Mr. Henry Labouchere be doing here, of all places?' It was Henry Labouchere—the same size, face, hair, with a tonsure, the same unruffled calm I had seen in the smoking-room of the Reform Club. I had only a slight acquaintance with him; but I plucked up courage, and said, 'Mr. Labouchere, I think, Mr. Henry Labouchere.' 'You flatter me much,' he answered. 'But I am not Mr. Labouchere. I am—'" Well, he was one of the agreeable colonels who abound in the United States.

But Mr. Grahame is himself a "double." He took a humble seat in Westminster Abbey to listen to the Dean, and a verger murmured in his ear, "Come with me, my lord," and led the way to the Dean's own pew. "I wondered who on earth the Dean might suppose he was preaching to; and when it was all over the verger came up and said, 'I hope you liked the sermon, my lord?' 'Oh, very much indeed,' I said. 'But, by the way, I am not a peer.' You should have seen that verger's face! 'Beg pardon,' he said with severe politeness; 'but I took you for Lord Wolseley.'" What were the Dean's feelings when he learned that his eloquence, stimulated by the sight of the famous soldier, had been lavished on a "double," seated in his pew! Apparently it is always in church that Mr. Grahame assumes this likeness; for elsewhere, as I have observed, he has a physiognomy and individuality wholly his own. It was at church in Scotland that he was mistaken for Lord Wolseley even by British officers. Next time he should have in readiness a plan for the reform of the Army, and send the military gentlemen copies of it by the sexton.

M. Paul Hervieu, who has been visiting our theatres, makes a gentle protest against the caricature of a Frenchman to be seen at the Haymarket. He is the kind of Frenchman who plots against the peace of a British hearth and home, and is totally discomfited, and made to out an ignominious figure, by the superior wit and courage of the manly Englishman. M. Hervieu remarks that the French stage still has its comic Briton, equally unlike the truth; and he hopes that in time the Entente Cordiale will put an end to both of them. I fear this is asking too much from diplomacy and international good sense. If a plot against the hearth and home must be fathered upon somebody, it is so convenient to take a stage Frenchman, and suggest that no Englishman could stoop so low. There are still people for whom this pleasant adjustment of morality is a patriotic conviction. Probably they are the same people whose "travelling manners" are described by a correspondent of the *Spectator*: the kinsfolk of Mr. Podsnap, whose censure upon foreigners was so terse, and convincing. "Not English!" he was

went to exclaim when any foreign custom came up for judgment. Still, it is scarcely credible that "a Colonial official of some standing," when reminded that without any knowledge of foreign tongues he could learn very little about the people in his travels through Europe, retorted, "But why should I want to know anything about them?" There may be Englishmen who "laugh to scorn the statement that the French stage ranks higher than ours, and flatly decline to believe that French painters, engineers, and surgeons are second to none"; but does one attach any importance to their opinions?

Of course, there are people in every country whose prejudices are so deeply grained that they ought never to travel at all. Of such is the agreeable woman who complained of the "forwardness" of an Italian, because he had "raised his hat to her as they passed one another on the staircase of their common hotel." The same divine creature, when requested at the table d'hôte to moderate her comments on the foreigners in whose country she was wintering, answered: "Well, if they do understand me it will be very good for them. They'll never be clean until they have backyards, or honest till they give up being Roman Catholics." It is surely extravagant to say that there are "hundreds like her, who give the Latin races, at any rate, just cause to look unfavourably upon the Englishwoman abroad." Hundreds of such ladies would drive their intelligent compatriots mad. We should hear of plots for their forcible abduction; how they were gagged (I never knew till now that the gag could be so meritorious!), and unceremoniously bundled over the nearest frontier; how masked ruffians (I would cheerfully be one of them) murmured in the ear of the speechless victim: "My good woman, as you are so fond of backyards, you had better go back to your own, and stay there!"

Phew! the whole thing is a nightmare. I disbelieve potently in that amiable and religious dame; at any rate, in the "monstrous regiment" made in her image, and quartered on the unhappy alien. He has his delusions about us, but they are more humane. For instance, a writer in the *Figaro* says our devotion to sport is the source of our national "spleen." There was once a French philosopher who wrote thus: "The Englishman goes to bed drunk, and when he rises in the morning, and looks at himself in the glass, he commits suicide." We are not like that now. We look at ourselves in the glass with quite a brazen cheerfulness. It is when we go out and play golf or football that the spleen comes on. Muscular exercise makes us what a modern author calls "oxymorose." If you perceive rather a heated bias in my remarks about the lady with the backyard, put it down to my love of athletic exercise. When a man works his muscles by running round St. James's Square, knocking violently at all the doors (especially the Bishop of London's door), and then clambering over the railings of the Square garden, he must medicine his spleen by taking it out of somebody.

That writer in the *Figaro* is anxious to dissuade the French from adopting M. Maeterlinck's philosophy of the fist. It is a stimulus, he says, to unwholesome competition. In the land of fisticuffs people hasten to be rich, instead of taking the goods of life in moderation. How different, he says, the example of the Florentine pastrycook who used to make a cake or biscuit which grew in the popular esteem until his shop was thronged, and his profits swelled visibly! But a customer who had been absent from Florence for some time returned one day and hastened to the pastrycook's to enjoy the beloved biscuit, only to learn that it belonged to history. It was baked no more. Its inventor was weary of success that left him no leisure for meditation and the fine arts. Biscuit in the morning, biscuit at noon, biscuit till dewy eve; a panting, jostling mob demanding biscuit: was this to go on to the end of his days? He had extinguished the biscuit, reduced his business, and abandoned riches for peace and contentment.

Not a moral to be applied literally, perhaps, to every case; but still an excellent moral in an age when an American financier declares that he is in the world to make money all the time. What right have people to think of leisure and holidays, especially people in the employ of Mr. Russell Sage? He does not pay them to idle a week or two in the year for the sake of what they call their health. He pays them to work for him every day, all the year round; and if they die of it, he can replace them with other human machines. "Holidays are robbery," is the maxim of the American Sage. Our statutory Bank Holiday he must regard as an act of plunder by the Government, plunder of employers for the benefit of lazy servants. Mr. Russell Sage must be thankful that he lives in a land of freedom, where such infamous coercion is impossible, and where the capitalist, with a true sense of righteous dealing, keeps every nose to the grindstone.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

Notwithstanding the many rumours that filled the wires in the last days of July, the three events to which observers are looking forward have not yet taken place. Doubtless the three events hang together, and the fall of Port Arthur, the defeat of Kuropatkin, and the blocking-up of the Vladivostok fleet will all become history about the same time, and that time must be very near at hand. For many weeks now it has been evident that Kuroki has abstained from pushing forward as fast as he might, because he was waiting on events at Port Arthur. This has been the cause of delay, as it seemed to us watching at a distance. Now, however, the fiat has gone forth, and the bands of steel are rapidly tightening round the Russian army. From the Japanese side we must not expect to learn much until we learn all. It has been characteristic of them throughout to maintain silence until it is fitting to tell everything. If, however, we read between the lines of the Russian dispatches, it is clear that, in spite of an obstinate defence, Kuropatkin finds himself opposed at all points by superior forces and compelled to retire; although it is not easy to understand upon what point the retirement is to take place—unless we regard as a significant indication in this connection the announcement made by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* that "the First Army Corps, now at Liao-yang, will be dispatched to Vladivostok to reinforce the division under the command of General Linivitch." When the parlous position of Kuropatkin is taken into consideration, it is at least curious that he should be on the point of still further emphasising his inferiority to the enemy by depriving himself of the services of the First Army Corps.

According to the accounts of the fighting on Sunday, all the Japanese armies are pushing ahead. General Oku, acting in co-operation with the forces sometimes described as being under General Nodzu and sometimes as "the Ta-ku-shan army," is keeping what Kuropatkin terms his "rear-guard" on the run. And as these troops fall back towards Hai-cheng they are evidently in danger of being cut off from their friends by a movement aimed at Si-mu-cheng. It is true that Kuropatkin reports that all his positions were retained; but this must be read with Oku's report, in which he remarked on Saturday night that "the Russian position will be untenable to-morrow." The Japanese Generals are not given to predict unless they are convinced that their prophecies will be fulfilled. While, too, these armies are operating on the southern and eastern fronts of the Russians, Kuroki is also acting on the offensive between Liao-yang and Sai-ma-tse. Here it was apparently that, at the Yang-ze-ling Pass, General Count Keller was mortally wounded by a shell, thus depriving Kuropatkin of one of his most active and energetic lieutenants, the man whom he presented to his army "as the most fitted to revive the traditions of Skobelev and of his brilliant victories." It is indicative of the serious nature of the fighting now taking place that so many of the Russian Generals should be wounded. It would appear that they find it necessary to place themselves in the forefront of the battle in order to encourage the drooping spirits of their men. The advance which Kuropatkin reports as having turned the right flank of the Ikhayuan position is apparently jeopardising the retreat of the Russians to the northward, and is believed to be rendering untenable the main position of the Russians. Clearly the net is being gradually drawn around the north, while in the extreme south-west further troops are being landed at Ying-kow (New-chwang). Nor should it be left unnoticed that the Chinese are concentrating their forces in the rear of the Russians. It would indeed be a more disastrous blow to Russian prestige to have their soldiers disarmed on Chinese soil than to be vanquished in a decisive battle by the Japanese.

Any day now the news from Port Arthur may tell of its occupation by the enemy. But our information comes almost entirely from refugees from the doomed port. All these items of intelligence point to continued success of the Japanese arms, gained, we may suppose, at enormous loss. The Japanese newspapers publish the reply of the garrison to a summons to surrender, and this reply tells its story of the isolation of the fortress. The garrison believe, it is said, that Marshal Oyama and all his staff, with the greater part of the siege train, were sunk in the transports destroyed by the Vladivostok cruisers. They place no credence in the Japanese accounts of the defeats of Kuropatkin's army, but still hope that they will be succoured from the north. Every trustworthy item indicates fighting of the most severe nature, and a gradual drawing tighter of the lines of the besiegers.

"The Vladivostok squadron has disappeared." At the time of writing this is the latest news from Tokio. It by no means follows, however, that, because Admiral Jessen has found it expedient to leave his cruising-ground, he is on his way back to Vladivostok, or that he may not yet be brought to action by Admiral Kamimura. Further information on this subject will be awaited with great interest. Not that these raids upon commerce can have any real effect upon the actual progress of the war, but because of their effect upon public opinion in the neutral countries affected. The sinking of the *Knight Commander* and the capture of the *Arabia* raise questions which are discussed in anything but a judicial frame of mind by the Press of those countries. Particularly, it may be assumed, because but little faith is placed in the dubious legality, and more than dubious justice, of the decisions of the Russian Prize Courts.

A curious story is now told to the effect that the capture of the *Arabia* is due to an old quarrel between Admiral Alexeieff and the American firm of shippers who chartered her for the voyage. This firm, it is said, would not at some previous time give the Admiral the commission he demanded when they were acting as carriers for the Russian troops, and Alexeieff has now through his naval lieutenants paid off the old score.

PARLIAMENT.

The last debate this Session on the fiscal question was opened by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who moved a vote of censure on the Government. He based his case on the connection of certain Ministers with the Liberal Unionist Association, which had declared in favour of preferential tariffs. The Leader of the Opposition maintained that Mr. Balfour had trampled on the principle of collective responsibility for the Cabinet, and that he was undermining our fiscal system by "manœuvres and machinations."

Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out that while the Prime Minister relegated the whole question to a future Government and a future Parliament, the constituencies at the bye-elections treated it as an immediate issue, on which they condemned the Government. Mr. Chamberlain declared that he and Mr. Balfour were not in agreement. He had the Prime Minister's sympathy, but not his support of a definite policy with regard to the Colonies. He was a supporter of the Government, but he intimated that the General Election might, as well be taken without much longer delay on the issue he had presented to the country.

Mr. Balfour denied that there was any ambiguity in his position, and ridiculed the theory of responsibility Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had invoked. He dwelt upon the differences among the Opposition, and said they had no common bond except the desire for office. As for the issue between Protection and Free Trade, he was, and always had been, a Free Trader; but he did not shut his eyes to the necessity of coping with the Protectionist policy of other countries. The vote of censure was rejected by a majority of 78.

The House of Lords passed the Finance Act, and read the Licensing Bill a second time, after a debate in which the Archbishop of Canterbury pleaded strongly for a time-limit of compensation to license-holders.

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ITALIAN COMMERCIAL AND FINE ART SECTIONS. WORKING EXHIBITS IN THE ITALIAN VILLAGE. Band of the Grenadier Guards. Exhibition Bersagliere Band. VENICE-BY-NIGHT. OPEN ALL DAY. Admission 6d.; after 7 p.m., 1s. Canals, Bridges, Shops, Cafés, Public Buildings, Gondolas, and all the Exquisite Features of the Queen City of the Adriatic. Venetian Serenade Troupe. Masaniello Neapolitan Troupe. SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM'S CAPTIVE FLYING MACHINES. THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI. ST. PETER'S, ROME. "LA SCALA" THEATRE OF VARIETIES. A Continuous Show from 2 p.m. THE DUC D'ABRUZZI'S NORTH POLE EXPEDITION AND BIOGRAPH. Roman Forum, Electric Butterflies, Fairy Fountains, Vesuvius, Musée Grévin, &c. ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT COWES.

Aug. 1 saw the beginning of the Cowes Week. As usual, his Majesty was present for the great events of the yachting year, and in company with the Queen and the Prince of Wales, he spent the whole day cruising on board the *Britannia*. The first day's racing was of minor importance, and the wind was not at all favourable, and in three events the course had to be shortened. In the evening their Majesties entertained a small party at dinner on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*. Among the distinguished visitors to Cowes during the present meeting is the Duke of Devonshire, who has been absent for many years.



MR. ALLAN BRIGHT,
NEW LIBERAL M.P. FOR THE OSWESTRY DIVISION.

GOODWOOD.

(See Supplement.)

No very exciting sport marked the Goodwood Meeting of 1904, but from a social point of view the meeting was an undeniable success. For the first time for many years the King and Queen graced the assemblage with their presence. There were other attractions, notably the new grand stand which has been very widely discussed among sporting people. It is claimed for the new structure that it commands a fine view of the course, and the Duke of Richmond may congratulate himself upon the general success of the undertaking. The Duke had the honour of entertaining their Majesties at Goodwood House, and the various houses in the neighbourhood accommodated distinguished parties. The weather on the last two days left something to be desired; but it did not utterly spoil the final social event of the season of 1904.

LUNCHEON TO LORD CURZON.

The United Club entertained Lord Curzon at luncheon on Aug. 1 at the Constitutional Club. Among those present were Mr. A. J. Balfour, Lord Roberts, Mr. George Wyndham, and Lord Hugh Cecil. Mr. Balfour, in the course of a brief speech, remarked that Lord Curzon would soon be going back to India to put the finishing touches to his great policy. He would always rank in the eyes of future historians among the very first of the band of great patriots and great administrators, and when, after his new term of office, he returned, he would resume at home the position of a Unionist statesman of the first class. Replying, Lord Curzon said that his main object was to render the foundations of our rule in India more secure. We must remain in India, because if we withdrew, Indian life and politics would break up like a pack of cards. That we were absolutely necessary to India was recognised by the best Indian people, and he considered that the bitterest foe of England, if he were the true friend of India, would be the first to vote against our departure. His message was: "Come out and see us: we will show you a great deal that will make you proud of your country."

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Russian land forces have suffered their first great loss among commanders by the death of General Count Keller, who was mortally wounded during the engagement at the Yang-zeiling Pass on July 30. Count Theodor Keller was the eldest son of Count Edward Keller, an Imperial Senator. Until his appointment to succeed General Sassulitch in the Far East he was Governor of Ekaterinoslav, and he had the reputation of great military brilliance. Against this must be put the almost indubitable statement that he was severely beaten at the Mo-tienling Pass quite recently. At one time Count Keller was director of the school for the training of pages for the royal household, and in this capacity he acted as instructor of many of the sons of the most aristocratic Russian families.



GENERAL COUNT KELLER,
RUSSIAN COMMANDER, KILLED NEAR HAICHENG.

The feat of turning a Unionist majority of 1088 into a Liberal majority of 385 in the Oswestry Division of Shropshire has been performed by Mr. Allan Heywood Bright. Mr. Bright, who is forty-two years of age, is a son of Mr. Henry Arthur Bright, and is a native of Liverpool. He was educated at Malvern and at Harrow. After his schooldays he spent much time abroad, and later went to Brazil on business. He

finally entered the firm of the late Mr. Kenyon Rogers, the shipbroker, of which business he is now principal. He is a great book-collector and an automobilist. Three years ago the Oswestry Division would have none of him, but there are now unmistakable signs of a Radical upheaval in Shropshire politics.

The landscape and Biblical painter, Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., died on July 28 at the age of eighty-four. He was the son of Edward Goodall, the eminent line-engraver, and early displayed artistic talent. When only seventeen he became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. In 1854 he was elected an Associate, and ten years later he attained the full dignity of an Academician. He enjoyed a period of extraordinary success, and could afford at one time to refuse £5000 for a picture; but his later years were clouded by financial trouble, and he had the mortification of seeing his collection of art treasures and his home in St. John's Wood brought under the hammer. He had many manners, but in none did he show himself an inspired painter. He displayed great skill, but there was a dry monotony in his method, particularly in his Biblical and Eastern subjects. Of his landscapes his "Harrow on the Hill" probably remains the most memorable.

Captain Thomas Hawkins Smith, R.N., who died at Southsea on July 23, was the navigating officer of the *Victoria* at the time of the terrible disaster in the Mediterranean. It is certain that had Admiral Tryon followed Captain Hawkins Smith's advice the calamity would have been averted. The navigating officer pointed out to his commander that the distance between the ships should be eight cables instead of six, and Admiral Tryon agreed; but from some unexplained reason the distance was kept at six, with the result that the *Victoria*



Photo. Bulbeck.

THE DOOMED SOUTHWARK OBELISK.

At the request of the members of the Southwark Borough Council, who do not appear to be "laudatores temporis acti," the City Corporation has agreed to remove the Obelisk, which has stood in St. George's Circus since 1771, in order to make room for a clock-tower.

collided with the *Camperdown* when the ships made their turning movement. Captain Hawkins Smith, who was born in 1845, was the son of a Captain in the 33rd Regiment. He entered the Navy as master's assistant, and in 1866 received his commission as a Navigating Sub-Lieutenant. For navigation he possessed special aptitudes, which were quickly recognised by the authorities, and in 1872 he was gazetted as a Navigating Lieutenant. In 1884 he became Staff Commander, and Staff Captain in 1899. Two years later he retired with the rank of Captain. At the Diamond Jubilee he was Master of the Fleet assembled at Spithead.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

By the release of the *Malacca* and other British ships seized in the Red Sea, Russia has apparently acknowledged the irregular status of the two cruisers which passed through the Dardanelles in the guise of merchantmen. It is understood, however, that she does not abandon the right to turn such vessels into war-ships, and still adheres to her own interpretation of the Treaty of London. This will not renew the acute stage of the controversy, provided that the *Peterburg* and the *Smolensk* make no more seizures, and that other ships of the same class are not permitted by Turkey to pass the Straits. In the case of the *Knight Commander*, which was sunk by Admiral Skrydloff's squadron, Russia is disposed to stand on her own regulations issued at the outbreak of the war. Textually these seem to refer only to the capture of ships belonging to the enemy, and not to neutrals. In the emphatic language of Lord Lansdowne, the sinking of the *Knight Commander* was an "outrage." It is nothing to the purpose to say that she was sunk because her captors could not take her to one of their own ports. The British Government denies the right of a belligerent to destroy a neutral vessel, contraband or no contraband. This opinion has been impressed upon Russia with unmistakable firmness, and reparation will have to be made.

THE ASSASSINATION OF M. DE PLEHVE.

There is no diminution in the signs of internal unrest in Russia. Conspiracies against the hard dealing of Ministers are rife, and the latest of these has been successful. Sipiaguine and Bobrikoff have been followed by de Plehve, the Minister of the Interior, who on July 28 fell by the assassin's hand. The Minister was driving to the Warsaw Railway-Station at St. Petersburg on his way to pay an official visit to the Czar at Peterhof, and as he was passing a small hotel near the station a man approached the carriage and flung beneath it an infernal machine of tremendous power. There was a deafening explosion, the carriage was shattered, the Minister and his coachman were instantly killed, fifteen of the bystanders were wounded, and the murderer himself was removed suffering from terrible injuries. The assailant's identity has not been officially disclosed; but according to some reports he is a student, either a Jew or a Finn. The assassin made no attempt to deny the crime. In spite of his desperate condition he attempted before his arrest to blow out his brains with a revolver, which was, however, taken from him in time. He is since reported to have died of his wounds. The late Minister had raised himself from obscure beginnings. His ideal was the preservation of autocracy, which principle he desired to develop to its utmost limit. On taking office he reorganised the police system on French lines, and the grievous methods of Russian espionage became tenfold more burdensome. Little attempt was made to disguise the popular satisfaction at de Plehve's murder. One of his last acts of severity was to replace the murdered Governor of Finland by Prince Obolenski, a greater martinet than Bobrikoff.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. F. GOODALL,
ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

FRANCE AND THE POPE.

Diplomatic relations between the Republic and the Vatican have been broken off. One of the French Bishops, with whom the Pope has taken disciplinary measures, has obeyed the summons to Rome without the sanction of his Government, and it is said that his stipend has been suspended. By the Concordat the Bishops are appointed and paid by the Government, but remain under the spiritual authority of the Holy See. This arrangement worked well enough while both parties to it were in accord; but it breaks down when the Pope threatens to excommunicate a prelate, who then forfeits his stipend by disregarding the authority of the State. The Bishop of Dijon is in no enviable position. What he has done to offend the Vatican is not quite clear; but the Bishop of Laval is accused of being a Freemason. This seems rather fantastic. It is plain enough, however, that the Pope will not permit the French Bishops to play the part of neutrals, and is prepared to see the Church in France deprived of all the emoluments provided by the State. How this will strengthen his position in any way is not apparent.

THE KÖNIGSBERG TRIAL.

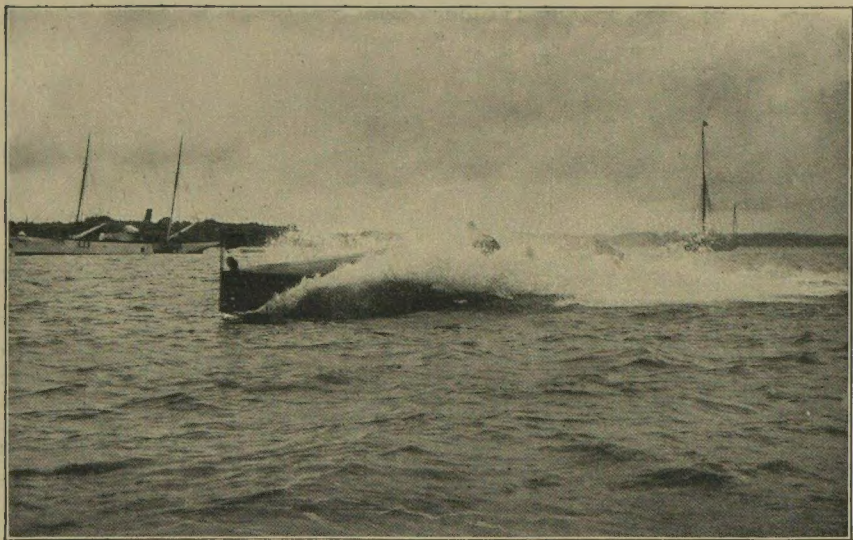
Germany is greatly excited by the remarkable trial at Königsberg, where the Prussian authorities strove to obtain the conviction of a number of illiterate peasants for an alleged conspiracy against the Czar. All they had done was to smuggle over the frontier into Russia bales of pamphlets which they could not read. A Russian official testified that the pamphlets were of the most criminal character, but when he was called upon to verify his quotations he could show nothing that corresponded with them in the original documents. Professor Reussner, late of the Toms University, gave the court a vivid sketch of the Russian administration under the rule of de Plehve. This evidence was not what the Prussian officials bargained for when they instituted the prosecution. The accused were acquitted on the graver charges, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. The trial has not endeared Russia to German public opinion; and the Prussian Government is placed in an awkward position.



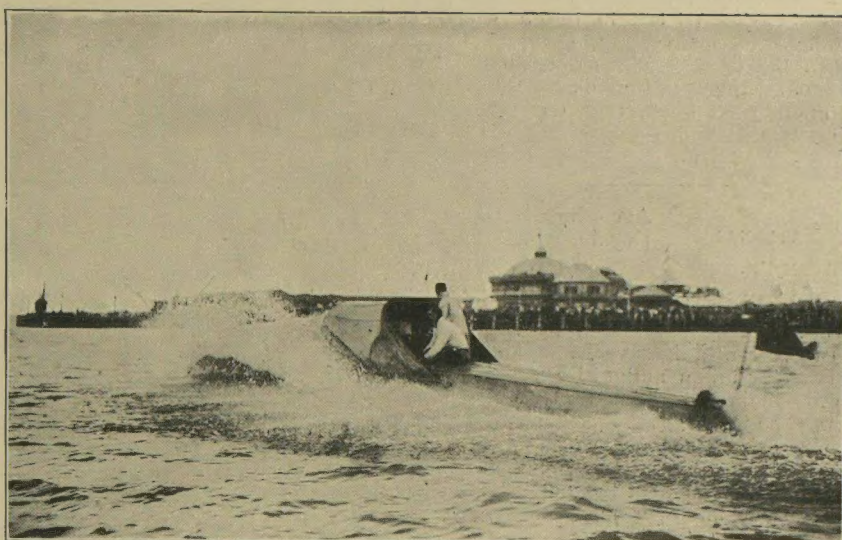
THE LATE CAPTAIN T. HAWKINS SMITH,
EMINENT NAVIGATING OFFICER.

Since the capture of Gyantse, the British Mission has steadily pushed on towards Lassa. The National Assembly of Tibet has prayed the Commissioner to refrain from proceeding to the

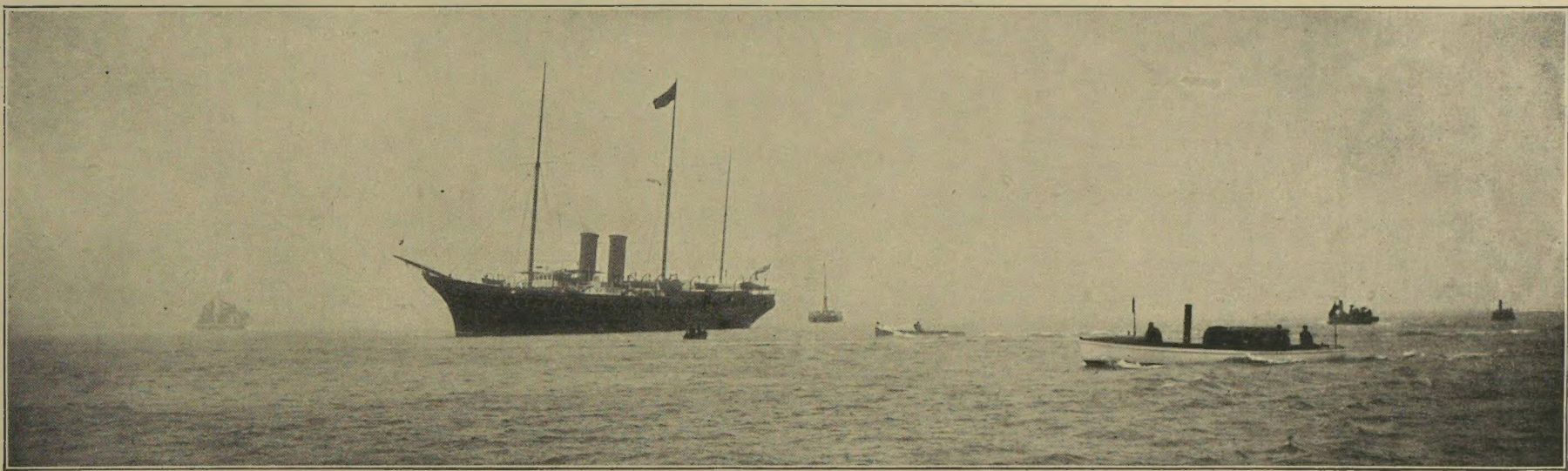
THE TIBETAN ADVANCE.



EDGE'S BOAT MAKING A FINE FINISH OFF RYDE.



"NAPIER II." BEATING THE AMERICAN "CHALLENGER" BY 11 SEC. OFF RYDE.

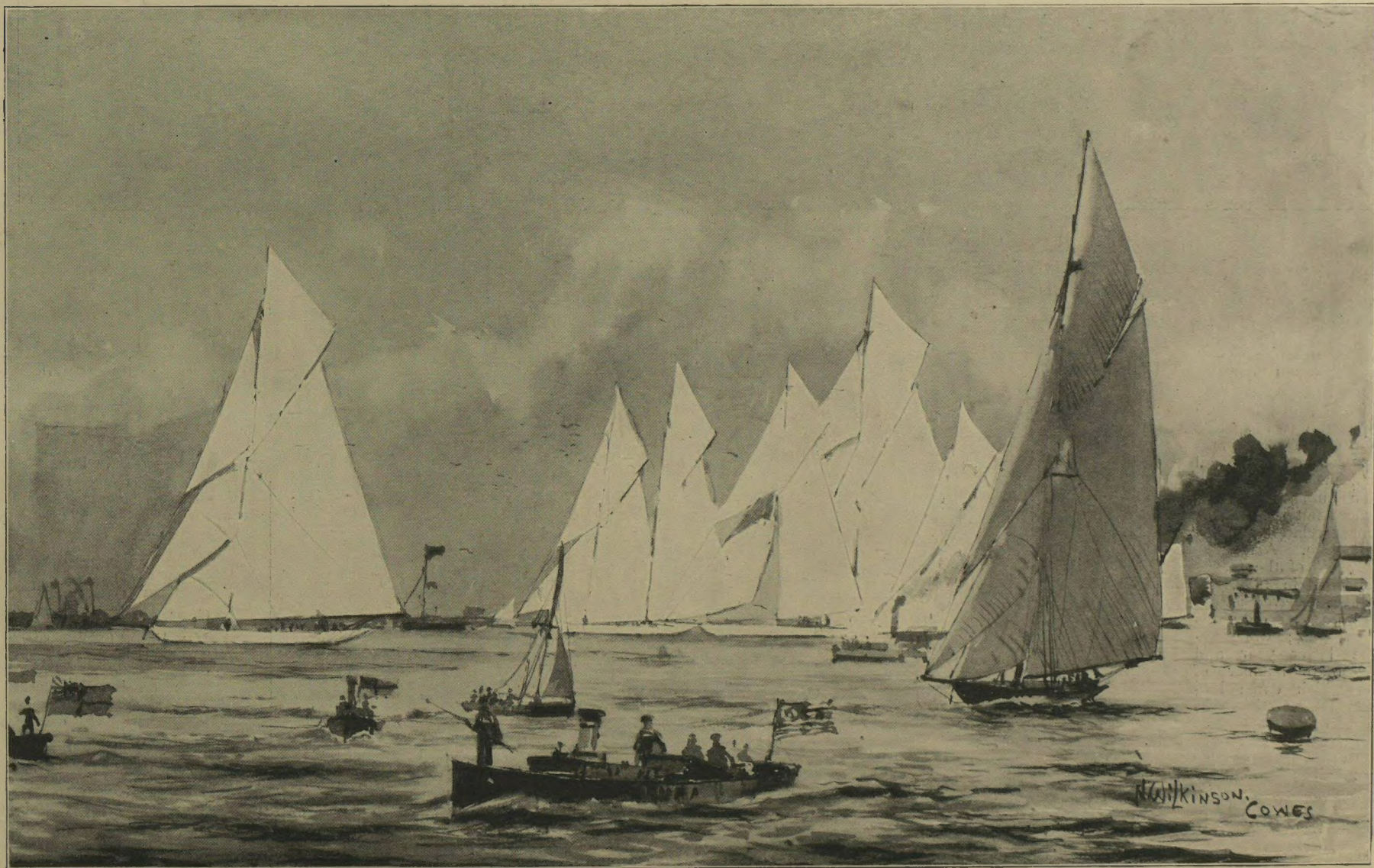


THE FINISH BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

THE KING'S INTEREST IN MOTOR BOATS: THE MARINE MOTOR DERBY IN THE SOLENT, JULY 30.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIEB.

The final race, between Mr. Edge's "Napier Minor" and the French boat "Trèfle à Quatre," was won by the former craft with a time advantage of 1 min. 25 sec. Its speed was 23 miles an hour. Mr. Edge steered his boat round and round the royal yacht, and received the salutations of the King and Queen.



THE COWES REGATTA: THE START FOR THE FIRST DAY'S RACES, AUGUST 1.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.

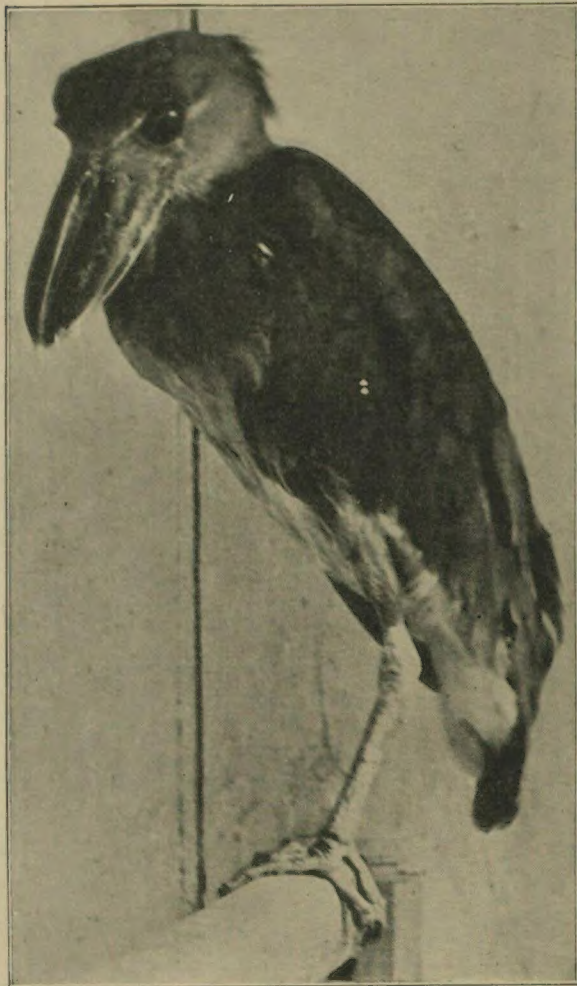
Sacred City. Colonel Younghusband has replied that the force must now proceed to Lassa, but would leave immediately after the signing of a convention. A regrettable incident occurred late in July at Chaksam Ferry. During the crossing of the Tsangpo River, Major Bretherton, the chief supply officer to the Expedition, was drowned. The deceased officer was crossing on a raft with eight Gurkhas, and on the water coming over the raft they all jumped into the stream. The Major was drowned in the attempt to swim ashore.

THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

According to the report of the Royal Commission, there is no general deterioration of the national physique, the injurious effects of excessive migration from the country to towns being partially counterbalanced by the improvements of sanitation. Much, however, remains to be done in this direction by urban authorities, who permit the law too often to remain a dead letter in regard to insanitary dwellings. The Commission recommends that the teaching of cookery should be made compulsory. Ignorance of the elements of sound diet accounts for much of the physical feebleness amongst the poorest classes. Many infants die from improper feeding. It seems almost impossible to make the ignorant mothers understand that babies must not be fed on pork. The Commission condemns the use of tobacco by the young, and urges a veto upon the sale of cigarettes to children. This might be difficult to enforce, but on principle it would offend nobody save Mr. Labouchere, who regards the cigarette as the legitimate joy of youth, as well as the solace of age.

THE BOAT-BILLED HERON AT THE "ZOO."

Some little time ago there was added to the collection in the Regent's Park a specimen of that remarkable bird the South American Boat-billed Heron, or Boatbill (*Canchroma cochlearia*)—an event of some importance, as the species has for some years been unrepresented in the collection. The huge boat-like beak from which it takes its name renders this bird somewhat liable to be confounded in popular estimation with the Shoebill



THE BOAT-BILLED HERON AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

almost unobserved in London. The valuable securities, papers, and jewels deposited with Messrs. Coutts, the famous bankers in the Strand, were quietly removed from the historic premises on the south side of that thoroughfare to the new and splendid building almost opposite, erected on the site of the Lowther Arcade. "The aristocrat who banks with Coutts," as Mr. Gilbert sings, must have been gratified to learn that his possessions were so cleverly removed, and, indeed, it required no small strategy to baulk the vigilance of thieves who were doubtless aware of the transfer and on the look-out for spoil. Part of the removal was done by means of workmen's carts attended by apparent labourers who were really highly respectable bank clerks. Plain-clothes policemen, too, kept guard over the vehicles as they went by a circuitous route from the back-door of the old Coutts's to the new premises.

THE SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL CASE.

Something like consternation has been caused in Scotland by the extraordinary decision of the House of Lords in the case brought by twenty-four ministers, who claim to constitute the Free Church of Scotland, against the United Free Church. In virtue of the decision in the appeal, the House of Lords has awarded to these twenty-four clergymen the custody of the entire property of the Free Church of Scotland as it was constituted previous to 1900; so that the appellants find themselves in virtual possession of some ten millions of money, which they are not in a position to administer. When, in 1900, the Free Church became fused with the United Presbyterian Church under the title of the United Free Church of Scotland, twenty-four ministers, mostly in obscure Gaelic-speaking Highland parishes, refused to recognise the newly constituted body. They claimed to represent the original Free Church of Scotland, and accordingly took action to secure possession of all the funds of that body, with churches, colleges, and mission buildings. The Scottish Courts twice decided against them, but their appeal to the House of Lords has now been sustained, and nothing short of an Act of Parliament can alter the extraordinary anomaly thus created. The decision, in effect, turns



Photo. Gibson.

READY FOR THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: THE COMBINED FLEETS IN MOUNT'S BAY, JULY 30.

Seven flag-ships are visible in the above view. After anchoring for a few days in Mount's Bay the combined fleets put to sea for the manoeuvres on the morning of August 2.

(*Balaniceps rex*) of the White Nile; but whereas the former species is a member of the heron family, the latter, and much more gigantic, bird belongs to the stork tribe. The superficial resemblance produced in the two species by the inordinate dimensions of their beaks is thus, in all probability, merely an adaptation to a similar mode of life, and does not in any way indicate near relationship between the two. According to the "List" of the menagerie, published in 1896, the last specimen received at the "Zoo" up to that date was acquired in 1883; while between the latter year and 1867 the total number of specimens which came into the Society's possession was only ten. To the natives of Brazil the Boatbill is known as the Savaku. In its native land, although by no means common, it is not unfrequently seen, either singly or in pairs, on the river-banks.

THE REMOVAL OF COUTTS'S BANK.

Between July 30 and Aug. 1 what was probably the most sensational flitting on record took place



Photo. Callcott.

THE REWARD OF CONJUGAL HARMONY: CHAIRING THE WINNERS OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH, 1904.

The Dunmow Flitch was claimed on August 1, and after the customary mock trial was won by two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Holford, of Putney; and Mr. and Mrs. Quiggin, of Marylebone. The victors were afterwards carried in solemn procession.

1100 ministers out of their churches and manse, and paralyses the usefulness of the Church which came into being under Chalmers in 1843, and is now stronger than its parent body, the Church of Scotland itself. It is to be hoped that, having gained their point in law, the appellants will be the first to promote a *modus vivendi*, for they have certainly no case in equity.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT,

recently received, Mr. F. VILLIERS. Mr. Frederic Villiers, one of our War Artists, writes from on board the *Mandu-Maru*, off Kobe: "I am off in the direction of the front, and I hope to see the fall of Port Arthur. I hope to illustrate the journey thoroughly. Only three English correspondents have been invited, and I am one of them. We have all the naval attachés representing the Powers with us, and the first nobles and representatives of the Senate in Japan. I feel sure we must see something interesting, if a Russian mine does not stop us en route."

THE GREAT ENGLISH YACHTING CARNIVAL, AND ITS ROYAL PATRON.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.



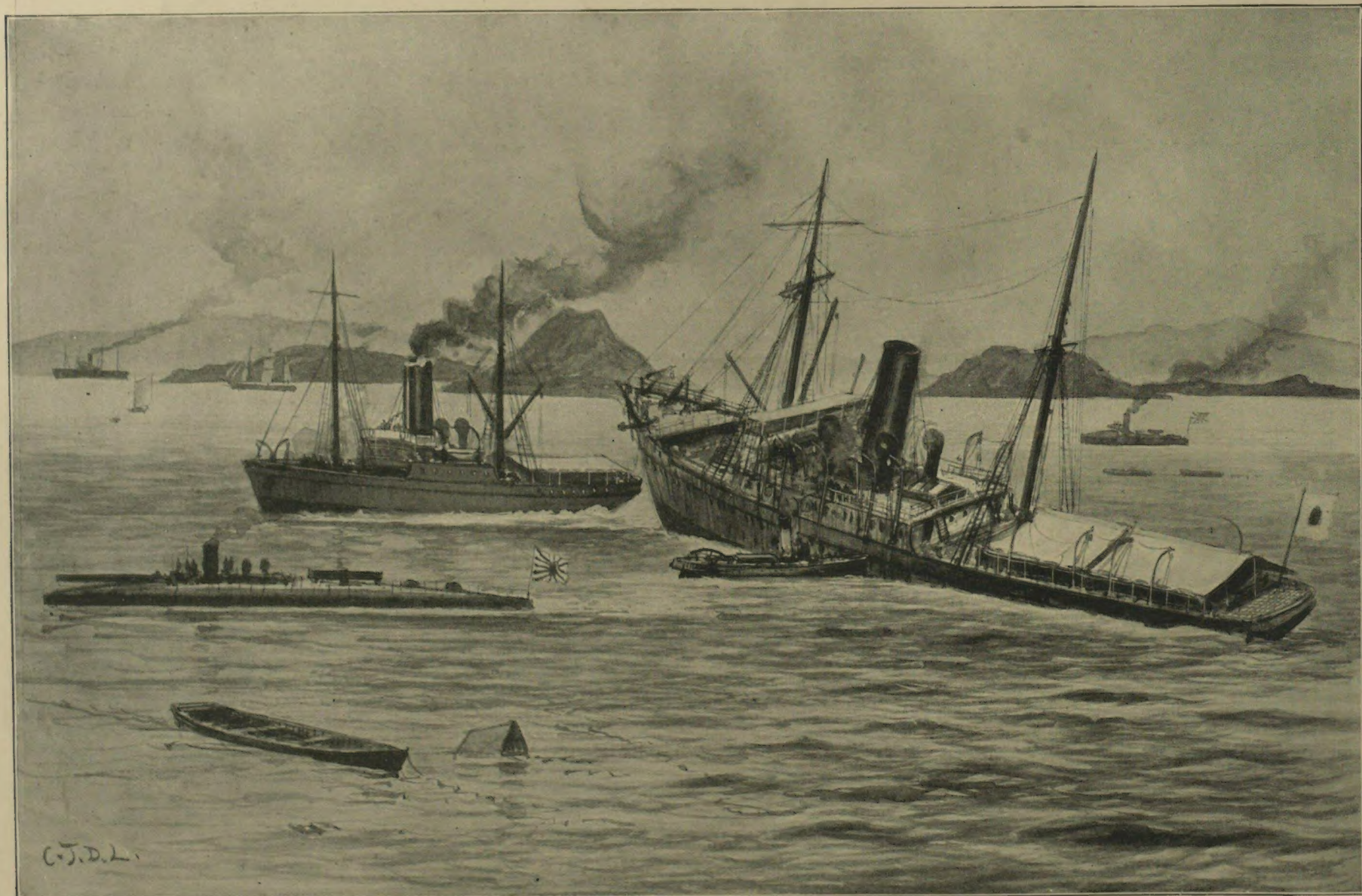
THE KING AND HIS GUESTS ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT "BRITANNIA."

His Majesty spent the whole of the opening day of the Cowes Meeting, August 1, in cruising on board his racing yacht "Britannia." Towards six in the evening the royal party returned to his Majesty's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," on board which the King resides during the meeting.



THE JAPANESE SCIENTIFIC CORPS EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONT: THE FIELD-TELEGRAPH SECTION LEAVING TOKIO.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



A RESULT OF THE VLADIVOSTOK SQUADRON'S RAID: THE DISABLED TRANSPORT "SADU-MARU" BEING TOWED TOWARDS MOJI, JUNE 16.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN THE FAR EAST.

The Russian squadron attacked three Japanese transports which were conveying troops and railway workmen to the seat of war. One transport got away, another was sunk, and the "Sadu-Maru" was torpedoed amidships and disabled. She was picked up by Japanese vessels and towed to Moji.

THE WOLD STOCKIN'.

By M. E. FRANCIS.



Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

FARMER HUNT stood leaning over his farmyard gate with the reflective, and at the same time pleasantly expectant, expression of the man who awaits at any moment a summons to dinner. To him, picking her steps cautiously down the muddy lane which led to his premises, came old Becky Melmouth, her skirts tilted high and an empty basket on her arm. Farmer Hunt nodded at her good-humouredly, and hailed her as soon as she was within hearing.

"What!" cried he. "Have ye brought me another of 'em?"

"I've a-brought ye two," returned Becky triumphantly. "But maybe you're too busy to attend to me just now," she added, with a glance that was half apologetic and half appealing.

"Oh, I can spare a minute for that," said the farmer good-naturedly. "Brewery hooter's not gone yet, and we don't have dinner till one. Step in, Mrs. Melmouth."

He preceded her into the house, and led the way to a small parlour, empty save for a large yellow cat which lay curled up on the hearth-rug. With a mysterious air which assorted with the cautious glance thrown round by Becky as she closed the door, he proceeded to unlock a large oak chest, and thrusting in his hand, drew forth a woman's worsted stocking. As he handed this to the old woman the contents chinked with a portentous sound. Mrs. Melmouth's eyes glistened, and her rosy, wrinkled face wreathed itself with smiles, as she slowly undid the knot at the upper end, and thrust in her hand. A further chinking sound ensued, and she looked jubilantly up at the farmer.

"There be a lot on 'em now," she remarked.

"Ah, sure!" he agreed. "An' you be bringin' two shillin' more, you do say?"

"Two shillin' an' a threepenny bit," corrected Becky gleefully. "I be doin' uncommon well wif my eggs an' chicken jist now."

"Dear heart alive! Keep the thruppence, 'ooman!" cried Mr. Hunt, with a certain amount of impatience. "It 'ull maybe buy you a relish of some sort as 'ull make ye fancy your victuals more. I reckon you do scrimp too much."

Becky pursed up her lips and shook her head.

"I'd sooner save it," said she. "Can I have the book, Sir?"

"Ah! sure ye can," returned the farmer, and, after rummaging a moment in the chest, he produced a small

account-book with a pencil attached to it by means of a much-worn bit of string.

Becky meanwhile had been fumbling for her spectacles, and having now assumed them, she proceeded to enter the sum she had so proudly mentioned to her banking account.

"How much does that make?" she added, peering up at Mr. Hunt through her glasses, her toothless gums parted in a smile which was already rapturous.

"Let me see," returned he, taking the book from her hand; "last time I reckoned it up there was forty pound in it, an' you've a-been here twice since—and again to-day. You've got in that there wold stockin', Mrs. Melmouth, forty pound three shillin' an' ninepence. It do do ye credit," he added handsomely; "ah! that it do. 'Tisn't many a hard-workin' body same as yourself would put by half so much. Ye've put in over nine pound since I took charge of it for ye."

"An' that's ten year ago come Michaelmas," said Becky, with modest pride. "But Melmouth an' me had been savin' for thirty year afore that."

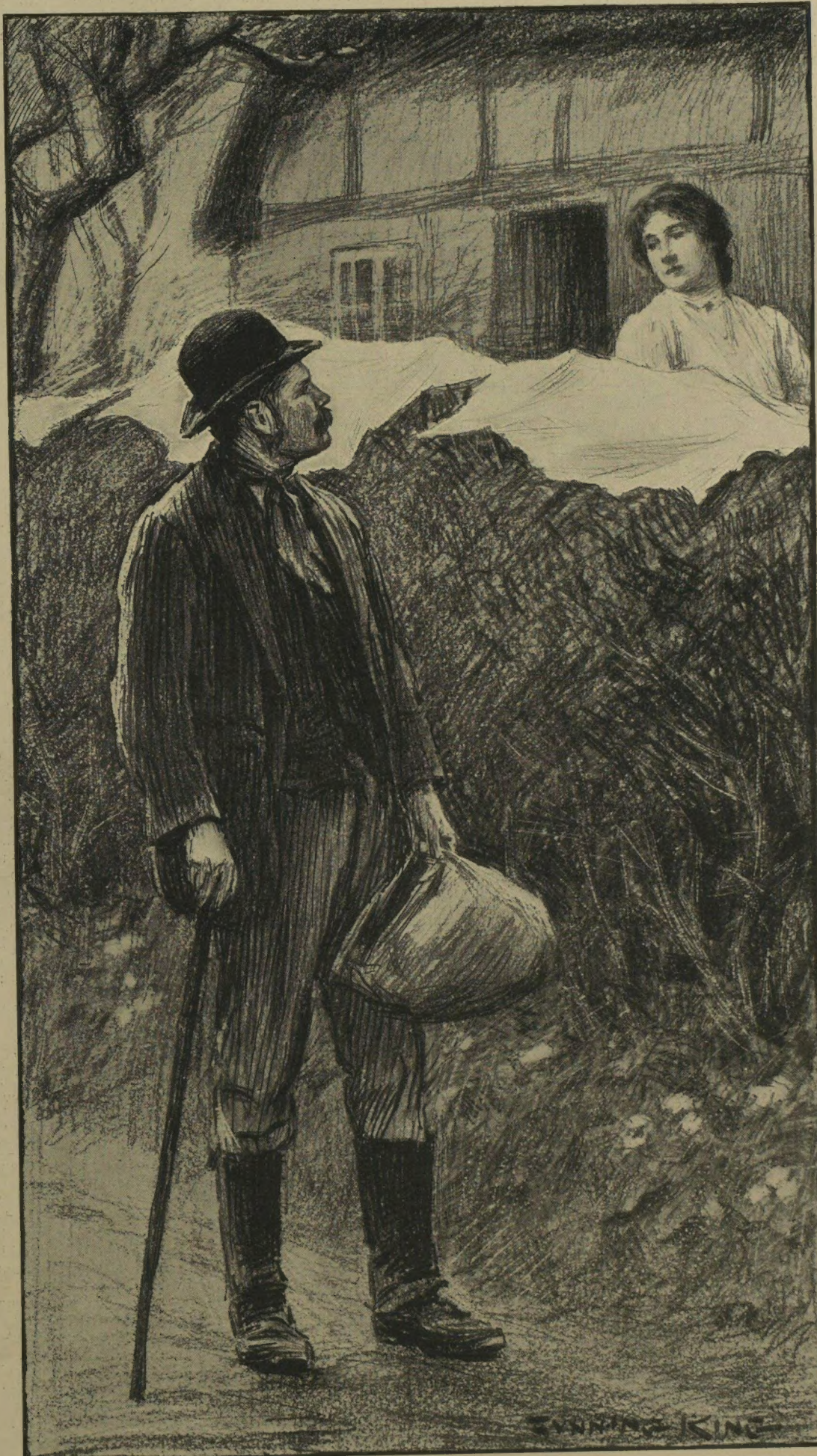
"An' you yourself 'ull go on savin' for another thirty year, I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Hunt, with a jovial laugh. "There, ye be so strong upon your legs as ever you was, an' never sick nor sorry, be ye?"

"Well, not to speak on, thanks be," responded Becky, "but I could feel a deal easier-like in my mind if I could settle who it's all to go to when I be gone. I be puzzled what to do—ah! that I be. Thiccy wold stockin' do lay upon my heart jist same as a lump o' lead."

"It didn't ought to be such a trouble to ye," said Mr. Hunt. "Divide it, Mrs. Melmouth. Divide it fair and square among your nevvies and nieces."

"No," cried Mrs. Melmouth, shaking her head vehemently and sucking in her breath at the same time. "No-o-o, Sir, 'twouldn't never do, that wouldn't. It must go all in a lump. Melmouth and me settled it that way years an' years ago. He'd save a shillin', d'ye see, an' I'd scrape together another to put to it, an' so we'd go on—for a rainy day, he'd say—but no rainy day ever did come—"

"And what a good thing that was," chimed



"Be this Widow Melmouth's?"

in the farmer; "there isn't many folks can say the same."

"Very like there bain't. Thanks be, as I do say, Mester Hunt; thanks be for all mercies! But there 'tis, d'ye see." Here her face assumed an anxious expression and she dropped her voice cautiously. "Who's it to go to? Rector do tell I, I ought to be makin' my will."

"True enough," said Mr. Hunt judiciously; "so you ought, Becky, so you ought."

"Well, but," resumed Mrs. Melmouth, "who's to have it? Melmouth, he wer' set on its going in a lump. Says he often an' often, 'Let it go in a lump, Becky, whatever you do do.' Settle it as you do like!—he did say—'for the dibs belongs to both on us equal. Let Simon (that's my nevy) have 'em, or let 'em go to Rosy'—Rosy be his sister's oldest maid—but don't divide 'em," says he; 'let 'em go in a lump.'"

Here Becky paused, and the farmer looked at her in silence, scratching his jaw in a non-committal manner.

"Sometimes," resumed Becky, "it do seem as if 'twould be right to leave it to Simon, him bein' a man an' my own flesh-an'-blood. That there bit o' money—'twas me first had the notion o' puttin' it by, and, as Melmouth did often use to say, there-couldn't be no savin' done, in the house wi'out I put my shoulder to the wheel. But, there! Rosy—Melmouth was oncommon fond o' Rosy's mother, and o' Rosy herself when she was a little maid."

"Ah! you haven't seen Mrs. Tuffin an' her family since they shifted to Sturminster?" put in the farmer as she paused.

Mrs. Melmouth shook her head.

"I often wish I could," she said; "but there, 'tis so far."

"An' have ye seen Simon?" inquired the farmer. "He be a dairy chap, bain't he?—'tis some time since he went to service."

"Ah! he've a-got a very good place t'other side o' Darchester. He do write beautiful letters to my sister at Christmas. There, they be just same's as if they came out of a book."

"P'raps they are out of a book," suggested Mr. Hunt. "There did use to be a book about letter-writin' when I was a young chap; but, there! what it wanted to say was never same as what I wanted to say, and my mother—poor soul!—couldn't spell the long words, so I did give up using it. But since ye haven't seen either of these two young folks for so long, Mrs. Melmouth, why not ax 'em both to come and stop wi' you, an' see which you do like the best? You'd soon find out then what they was both made on, an' I'd pick out the one as did please ye most to leave the stockin' to."

"Well, there, that's a notion," said Becky reflectively. "I mid do that, I mid very well do that. Easter week, Simon mid very well get a holiday then—an' Rosy—I mid ask her mother to spare her to me at the same time."

"Do!" said Farmer Hunt encouragingly. "I'll reckon ye'll find 'tis a very good notion."

"I reckon I will—and thank you, Farmer, for puttin' it into my head. There, I should never ha' thought on 't."

"Two heads is better than one, ye see," said Mr. Hunt.

And then he locked up the stocking again, handed Mrs. Melmouth her basket, and betook himself to his midday meal with the comfortable sensation which follows on a good-natured act that has cost nothing.

Mrs. Melmouth left the house and trudged homewards, revolving the new idea in her mind. Simon could have the back bed-room, and Rosy could sleep with her; 'twas a very good notion to have 'em both together—a man always gave a deal o' trouble in a house, and Rosy could help a bit. Not but what Simon must make himself useful too. His aunt privately resolved to hold over the setting of the potatoes until he came—the bit o' work he might do then would go a good way towards his keep, reflected the thrifty soul.

With much thought and care she penned her invitations that afternoon; they were brief and to the point, intimating in each case the writer's wish to become better acquainted with the young relative in question.

Rosy's answer came by return of post, written in a beautiful, round, clear hand which did credit to her schooling, and accepting with rapture. Simon's reply did not come to hand for two or three days. It was ill-spelt and ill-written on a somewhat dirty piece of ruled paper, which looked as if it had been torn off the bottom of a bill.

"Dear Ant," it said, "i don't know if i can be spaired, but if the bos is willin i will cum. Yours truly newew, S. FRY."

His aunt pursed up her lips as she perused this document.

"He mid ha' taken a bit more pains," she said to herself; "he ha'n't got this out of a book, anyhow."

It was possible, indeed, that even "The Complete Letter-Writer" did not contain a missive from a young man who had been asked to spend his holidays with an aunt in the country, and that Simon, in consequence, was thrown on his own resources.

"But he don't seem so very anxious to come," she thought. "He mid ha' said 'Thank ye,' too—Rosy did seem to be far more thankful. But Simon—p'raps he means better nor what he says."

With this charitable reflection Becky laid aside the letters and went to feed her chickens.

Rosy, who was living at home, and in consequence not tied down to any particular date, arrived a day before the other guest. She was a pretty girl of the dark-haired, clear-skinned type so often to be seen in Dorset; her eyes were brown like her hair, and her complexion matched her name to a nicety. The carrier

dropped her and her tin box at the corner of the lane which led to Mrs. Melmouth's cottage, and she came staggering down to her aunt's door bent in two beneath the weight of her belongings. Mrs. Melmouth stood on the threshold and watched her.

"That's right," she remarked, as the girl set down her trunk and straightened herself, breathless and laughing, "I be main glad to see ye. Ye be sich a handy maid, my dear. There, I declare ye've just come in nice time to get the tea."

Now Rosy, who was tired and thirsty after her long jolting in the carrier's van, had half expected to find tea ready. She felt a little bewildered and slightly annoyed on being sent first to the well and then to the wood-shed, and then having to reach down the best china from the top shelf, and, moreover, to dust it, conscious all the time of wearing her best frock with sleeves too tight at the wrist to turn up comfortably. It was a very crestfallen Rosy indeed who finally sat down to partake of that particularly well-earned cup of tea.

But Mrs. Melmouth was radiant.

"To-morrow," said she, "I'll get ye to make that there back room ready for my nevy."

"Your nephew?" echoed Rosy, somewhat taken aback.

It had been well enough surmised by the Tuffin family that Aunt Becky had a tidy sum put by, though they were as ignorant of the precise amount as of the receptacle in which she had stored it. The invitation to Rosy had awakened certain half-formed hopes in the girl's own breast, as well as in those of her parents, and she looked very blank at the announcement that a rival aspirant was so soon to come upon the scene.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Melmouth, stirring her tea vigorously, "my nevy, Simon Fry. He be comin' to spend his hollerday here. That room 'ull want a good doin' out," she continued placidly, "an' there's a lot o' wold things there as 'ull have to be shifted afore you can get to work. But ye can get up pretty early—it'll be ready time enough, I dare say. He'll not be here much afore tea-time."

Rosy had formed certain private plans as to the disposal of her Good Friday; there were friends of her mother's to visit, old playmates of her own to look up—these, being of the same age as herself, would doubtless have some little jaunt in view. And now the whole day was to be spent in cleaning up for Simon Fry. Simon, who was nephew by blood to Aunt Becky, while she was only niece by marriage—there could not be much doubt as to who would prove the favourite. Rosy felt she had been inveigled from her home on false pretences; it was not out of affection that Mrs. Melmouth had sent for her, but simply to secure her help with the housework and to make her wait upon Mr. Simon Fry.

Her aunt glanced at her sharply as she flushed and bit her lip, but made no remark; and presently Rosy regained her good-humour.

For was it not the sweetest of spring evenings, and were not the thrushes singing in the wood just behind the cottage, and were there not primroses in bloom on either side of the path that led to the gate? Rosy could see them through the open door and fancied she could smell them, and the breeze that lifted her curly hair from her brow was refreshing after her stuffy drive and recent labours. She had come from a back street in Sturminster, where the air was not of the same quality and the surroundings far less inviting.

"'Tis nice to live in the country, aunt," said she with a bright smile.

Next morning she rose with the lark, and being strong and capable had got Mr. Simon's room into excellent order before breakfast. As she made the bed she could not resist giving a vicious thump or two to the pillow.

"Set ye up, indeed," she murmured. "Ye may make your own bed arter this, Mr. Dairy Chap!"

If she had hoped that her matutinal labours would leave her free for the remainder of the day she was disappointed. Mrs. Melmouth gave her a pressing invitation to assist her at the wash-tub, having, as she informed her with an engaging smile, expressly saved up the dirty linen for her that week.

"To wash on Good Friday!" exclaimed Rosy, aghast. "Dear, to be sure, aunt, 'tis the unluckiest thing you can do."

"Unlucky? Fiddlesticks!" retorted Mrs. Melmouth.

"A good day for a good deed—so say I."

Rosy therefore remained immersed in suds during the greater part of that day; and though at first she could have cried with vexation, she soon found herself amused by the old woman's talk; and with every fresh excursion to the hedge her spirits went up. The air was so fresh, the sunshine so bright, the clean, wet linen smelt quite nice, she thought, here in the country. Then the hedge itself, with its little red leaf-buds gaping here and there so as to show the crumpled-up baby leaves within—it had an attraction of its own; and she could never be tired of looking at the primroses that studded the bank beneath. As she stood by the hedge on one occasion after having tastefully disposed the contents of a basket on its prickly surface, she was hailed by a voice from the road.

"Be this Widow Melmouth's?"

The girl peered over the hedge at the speaker, her curly hair flapping in the breeze, her cheeks pinker than ever, partly from her recent exertions, partly from excitement. There stood a stalwart young countryman in corduroys and leggings, a bundle in one hand, a stout stick in the other. He had a brown, good-humoured face, with twinkling blue eyes and a smile that displayed the most faultless teeth in the world.

"This be Widow Melmouth's, bain't it?" he repeated, altering the form of his question.

"It be," returned Rosy; then she nodded towards the house. "My aunt's inside," said she.

Both, from opposite sides of the hedge, directed their steps towards the gate.

"Your aunt?" said the young man. "Then we be cousins, I suppose?"

And thereupon as each paused beside the gate, and before Rosy had time to realise his intentions, he leaned across and kissed her.

"How dare you!" cried Rosy, springing back and rubbing her cheek vigorously, while tears of anger started to her eyes. "How dare you, Mr. Fry? Cousins, indeed! We be no such thing, and I'll trouble you not to take liberties. You'll find your aunt indoors."

With that she stalked back to her wash-tub.

"He's come," she announced as she passed Mrs. Melmouth, who was engaged in rinsing out a few fine things in a crock.

"Who? Simon! I'm glad to hear it. Ye'd best come out a minute and make acquaintance."

"I've made quite acquaintance enough," retorted Rosy, plunging her arms into the suds. "He's an impudent chap!"

"I'll go warrant you are a bit jealous," said Mrs. Melmouth, and with a chuckle she went forth to greet her guest.

Indeed, from the very first it seemed evident that Rosy had good cause for jealousy. Mrs. Melmouth seemed never tired of commenting on Simon's likeness to her family, prefacing her remarks with the assertion that she had always been dearly fond of Sister Mary. She further observed two or three times during the course of the evening that blood was certainly thicker than water, and that a body should think o' their own afore lookin' round for other folks. Poor Rosy, hot and tired after her exertions at the wash-tub, took these hints in rather evil part; not, indeed, that she was of a grasping nature, but that she had an indefinable feeling of having been unfairly dealt with.

Simon, however, saw nothing amiss; it was apparent that he looked upon his visit solely and wholly as an "outing," and had no ulterior views as to his aunt's testamentary dispositions. If he had ever heard of her savings he had evidently forgotten about them; he had left home young, and, except for the wonderful epistolary effort which he sent to his mother each Christmas, corresponded little with his family. He admired Rosy very much, and could not understand why she was so short in her speech and stand-off in her manner. It was perhaps her repellent tone and evident moodiness which caused Mrs. Melmouth to lay so much stress on Simon's various good qualities.

During the course of the evening young Fry remarked with a yawn and a stretch that he intended to have a good sleep on the morrow.

"Jist about," he added emphatically. "Ah! 'twill be summat to hear clock strikin' and to turn over warm an' snug thinkin' I needn't get up to drive up the cows. To-morrow's Saturday, too—if I were yon I'd ha' to clean out fifteen pig-styes afore breakfast."

"Think of that!" said Mrs. Melmouth. "'Tater-settin's different, bain't it? Ye wouldn't mind so much gettin' up a bit early to set 'taters—would ye, Simon?"

Simon's jaw dropped, and he looked ruefully at his relative.

"I thought I wer' goin' to have a real hollerday for once," he said hesitatingly. "There, if you do want me to do any little job for ye in a small way I don't mind doin' of it. But settin' 'taters! You've a goodish bit o' ground, an' there is but the two days—I did look to have my sleep out to-morrow," he concluded desperately.

"I did count on ye," persisted Mrs. Melmouth mildly. "Ah! so did I. Said I to myself, 'I'll save up them 'taters 'gainst the time my nevy do come'—I says, 'He be a good-natured young man,' I says, 'and I know he will do what I do ax him,' 'Tis beautiful weather for early risin', Simon, my dear, and you'll feel the air so nice and fresh while you're workin'. I'll have a dew-bit ready for ye. Ye won't disapp'int me, I'm sure."

"Oh! I'll not disapp'int ye," returned Simon dolefully. "I can't work on Sunday, of course," he added, brightening up a little. "That's summat, an' if I work real hard to-morrow I mid have a chance o' gettin' off a bit on Monday. Where be the 'taters, aunt? If we was to cut up some o' the sets to-night we'd get on faster to-morrow."

"Ah, to be sure," agreed his aunt with alacrity. "I'll fetch a basket of 'em in a minute, an' Rosy there can help ye. She'll be busy to-morrow cleanin' up indoors; but she'll give you a hand to-night."

But Rosy now felt the time had come for her to assert herself. She glanced at the drawerful of stockings which lay on the chair beside her and then raised her eyes to her aunt's face.

"I know nothin' about cuttin' up sets," said she, "an' I don't fancy sich work. I've got all this darnin' to do. That's enough for anybody, I think."

"Oh, very well," responded Mrs. Melmouth with some dudgeon. "I'll help you then, Simon. I'll fetch 'taters, an' then I'll help you."

When she returned she found Simon and Rosy sitting as she had left them, in absolute silence, Simon drumming on the table and looking dubiously at Rosy, who darned away without raising her eyes.

"There's an odd stocking here!" she remarked snappishly as her aunt sat down. "What am I to do with that?"

Mrs. Melmouth gazed at her sternly and then determined to profit by the opportunity her niece had unconsciously presented to her, and to give her the lesson she deserved.

"That there stockin'," she said impressively, as she took it from the heap and held it up for their inspection, "that there stockin' is more vallyable nor it do look. It is fellow to one what's worth forty pound."

Both exclaimed and stared. "I've always kep' it for that," resumed Mrs. Melmouth. "'Tis nigh upon forty year old—an' the feller to it is worth forty

pound. Your uncle and me did begin savin' the very year we was first married, an' I've a-gone on ever since. When Melmouth died there was over thirty pound in it. I didn't like to have so much money about, livin' here all alone, so I axed Farmer Hunt to take charge on't for me. That's ten year ago. Well, since then I've a-gone on pinchin' an' scrapin', a shillin' here, a sixpence there, till I've got together nigh upon ten pound more."

"Well, I never heerd o' such a thing!" exclaimed Simon heartily. "Ye must have been wonderful clever an' contrivin', Aunt Becky!"

"Ah! I'll take that much credit to myself," replied his aunt. "I do truly think I was. But there it be now, an' it be all to go in a lump to one o' you two. I mid as well tell you straight out. 'Tis to go in a lump—Melmouth and me settled it that way—'We saved it between us, an' you can leave it,' he says, 'either to my niece or to your nevy—but it must go in a lump.'"

"Well, I'm sure!" said Simon; and then he looked dubiously at Rosy, who was holding her curly head very

"No, thank ye," returned Rosy sharply. "I shan't get much credit anyway; but what I said I'll do, I'll do," and she gave another vicious shake to the ragged carpet.

"I be pure sorry you should think I want to rob ye of any credit," observed Simon mournfully. "There, you do seem to ha' turned again me terrible; and 'tis quite otherwise 'wi' me—I did like 'ee from the first."

"No thanks to ye, then!" retorted Rosy; and, snatching up a stick, she began to belabour the mat with so meaning an air that Simon felt as if the onslaught were committed on his own shoulders.

"I wish you'd get on with your work," she exclaimed presently. "You're the favourite, and you'll get the reward, but you mid just so well do summat to earn it."

"Now look 'ee here," said Simon, and his usually merry eyes flashed angrily, "this here bit o' business bain't to my likin' no ways. What do I care for the wold stockin'?" I can earn enough to keep myself—ah, that I can—an' I could keep a wife, too, if I wanted one;

"Oh, please—please, don't go!" gasped the girl. "There, I really didn't mean—I—I—I only thought my aunt a bit unjust."

"Well, and very like she was," said Simon magnanimously. "I think the money what was saved out o' the man's wage did ought to go to the man's folk. You've the best right to that there stockin', Miss Rosy, and I'll not bide here to stand in your light."

This was heaping coals of fire on Rosy's pretty head with a vengeance. She looked up in Simon's face with a smile, though there were tears in her eyes, and she impulsively dropped the carpet and held out two little sunburnt hands.

"Oh, please, Mr. Fry," she said pleadingly, "please, Simon—do stay—do 'ee now. I'll—I'll—I'll never be unkind again!"

"Is that a true promise, my maid?" asked Simon very tenderly.

Mrs. Melmouth, chancing at that moment to emerge from her house with the view of ascertaining how the young folks' labours were progressing, discovered them



"That there stockin' is more vallyuable nor it do look. It is fellow to one what's worth forty pound."

high. "'Twas very well said o' the wold gentleman," he continued lamely.

"I couldn't make up my mind no ways," resumed Mrs. Melmouth, "till at last I wer' advised to have you both here together and see for myself which I do like the best. So if you do have to make yourselves a bit obligin', it'll p'raps be worth your while. Ye mid be sure my choice will fall on the most obligin'."

Rosy smiled disdainfully and returned to her darning. It was easy to see, she thought, on whom the choice would fall.

Simon eyed her askance, realising now the reason of the girl's evident aversion to himself, but he made no comment beyond an occasional ejaculation under his breath: "Forty pound! Well now! I'm sure 'twas very well thought on," and the like.

Next morning, just when Simon's slumbers were at their deepest and sweetest, he was awakened by an imperative hammering and scratching at the partition which separated his room from that of Mrs. Melmouth; and thereupon dutifully, if somewhat reluctantly, he arose, and soon afterwards found his way to the garden.

Early as it was, Rosy was already at work shaking sundry bits of carpet, worn almost threadbare, and terribly dusty.

"Let me give you a hand," exclaimed Simon gallantly. "Sich work's too hard for a maid."

an' what's forty pound? The wold 'ooman had best keep it to be buried with."

"For shame!" cried Rosy. "'Tis pure ongrateful of ye to speak so, and Aunt Becky so took up wi' you."

"Well, I can't help it," returned the young man bluntly. "The job bain't to my likin'. I did come out for a hollerday, and here I be ordered to set 'taters—an' what's more, I get nothin' but cross looks and sharp words, what I don't deserve."

"I'm sure your aunt speaks civil enough," said Rosy in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Well, an' so she mid," responded he promptly. "She mid very well be civil when she do expect so much. But there's others what's uncivil, and 'tis that what I can't abide. I've a good mind," he added gloomily, "to cut an' run—yes, I have!" he cried resolutely. "I'd sooner be cleanin' out pigstyes nor be treated so unkind as you do treat I. But for that matter, my mother 'ull be glad enough to see I. I'll step home—along—that's the very thing I'll do; I'll step home—along."

"Oh, but what will Aunt Becky say?" cried Rosy in alarm.

"Aunt Becky be blowed!" exclaimed Simon with decision. "Let her say what she please. I'll leave her an' you to make it up together. 'Tis more nor flesh an' blood can stand to be treated as you've ha' treated I since I did come to this house."

standing in this most compromising attitude; Simon clasping both Rosy's hands, Rosy looking earnestly into his face; and thereupon, true in her instincts, rated the couple soundly for their idleness. In two minutes Rosy had returned to her carpet with a flaming face, and Simon was walking slowly towards the potato-plot. As their aunt, still full of virtuous indignation, was returning to the house, her nephew's tones fell distinctly on her ear—

"How would it be if I was to give you a hand wi' they things first, my maid, and then you could be helping me wi' the sets?"

"Well, I declare," commented Mrs. Melmouth, stopping short, "I believe they've started coortin'. It do really seem like it. Well I never!"

She was turning about in preparation for a fresh outpouring of wrath, when she was struck by a sudden idea, and paused just as Rosy, with a nervous glance towards herself, walked sheepishly up to Simon, trailing the carpet behind her.

"We'd certainly get on much faster," she said, speaking ostensibly to Simon, but really for her aunt's benefit.

"I d' 'low ye would," said Mrs. Melmouth; and suddenly her brow cleared, and she turned once more to go indoors with a good-humoured smile. "I d' 'low you'll get on fast enough—wi' the coortin'. But that 'ud be the best way o' settlin' it," she added to herself—"I'll leave the wold stockin' in a lump to both of 'em."

THE END.

ROMANCE AND OTHER THEMES.

The Slaking of the Sword. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The O'Ruddy: A Romance. By Stephen Crane and Robert Barr. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Judy's Lovers. By Katharine Tynan. (London: F. V. White. 6s.)
A Bachelor in Arcady. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Tom Dawson. By Florence Warden. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Hadrian the Seventh: A Romance. By F. Rolfe. (London: Chatto and Windus.)
High Noon. By Alice Brown. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)
Enid. By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)
Letters of Charles Lamb. Edited by Alfred Ainger. Two vols. (London: Macmillan. 8s. net.)
Russia As It Really Is. By Carl Joubert. (London: Eveleigh Nash.)
Fishing and Travel in Spain. By Walter M. Gallichan. (London: Robinson.)

"The Slaking of the Sword" is far too barbarous a title for Mrs. Hugh Fraser's tales of the Far East. "Murder in uniform" has no place in them; they tell of the battles of love, not of the battles of greed of gain; daintiness, not destruction, is their keynote. Over them all is the glamour of the Orient, the home of story, and in none is the glamour false. Each depends upon its heroine, and each heroine is charming. The little Princess O'Yei, a child with the courage of a man; Chagra Barghat, the woman of Tartary telling the story of her youth; the pathetic, patient Shiwo San; the loyng Hana, daughter of the pine-woods; Himé, the shell-gatherer—all are delightful, fascinating figures that linger in the memory. Nor are they alone notable, despite their pre-eminence: the characters who lend them support are portrayed with equally sure touch, and are equally a part of the picture. Nakayama, the young Japanese student who talks American slang, is particularly happy. As a whole, Mrs. Fraser's stories are an excellent substitute for the Magic Carpet. It is true that they carry us to two places only—to Japan and to India—but they compensate for their comparatively limited range of scene by the thoroughness of their guidance within their bounds.

The late Stephen Crane was a very deft literary craftsman, and we all know Mr. Robert Barr as a capital story-teller. Between them they ought to have produced a book of considerable merit. Some freshness of invention, at any rate, might be looked for. Unfortunately "The O'Ruddy" is amazingly dull. It is constructed in a haphazard fashion, to be justified only by a constant succession of lively incidents. The hero is a young Irish adventurer, with no heritage but some papers which he cannot read; and with these he comes to England, and starts a career of duelling and love-making, which might be amusing, but unhappily is not. He has a bodyguard composed of a wild Irish servant and an ex-highwayman, the greatest bores imaginable. The interminable chatter of this pair occupies many dreary pages. There is a nobleman's daughter, who finds that the mysterious papers which the illiterate hero cannot read refer to an estate in her father's possession, but rightfully the young man's property. Needless to say, he is in love with the lady, and marries her despite the objections of the Earl, who is crazy, and of the Countess, who is a drunken virago. There is not the smallest interest in these people, whose antics are prolonged with wearisome absurdity.

It would be quite impossible to deal severely with Mrs. Katharine Tynan's new book, because the recklessness of its plot and of many of its details is mellowed by a graceful Irish air that invests it with a charm not to be withstood. "Judy's Lovers" is written simply and easily, with a light-hearted confidence in its power to please; and its writer has a knack of sympathy which speedily sets her right even with the captious critic, who is not sorry, perhaps, to be coaxed away by her pretty manners from too strict investigation of improbabilities. Judy is a fascinating person: she is the innocent and youthful beauty whose evolution from tomboy to debutante merely signifies a passage from one delightful stage to another, and she is surely "own cousin" (or would it be niece?—time flies) to the "Molly Bawn" heroines, though her unselfishness and her education would appear to reach a higher level than that to which those irresponsible young women attained. Mrs. Tynan has elaborated her story so ingeniously that it would not be right to hint at its construction: it will be enough to say that its events take place in a world of pleasant people, mostly young, and that it has a perfectly happy ending.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has long claimed the admiration of the readers who like a country tale well told, but he has never written anything quite so charming as "A Bachelor in Arcady." One must not hope to find such a book very often: it demands too subtle a combination of gifts and moods. Mr. Sutcliffe has a gift of style and sense of humour, but over and above he has the wonderful appreciation of natural beauty that banishes all fear of the passing years, and sets in the oldest heart "some late lark singing." It is hard to analyse the charm of "A Bachelor in Arcady," for with the presentation of nature in most pleasing mood there is blended the art of a very skilled and subtle writer; perhaps it is wisest not to go too deeply into the question of the book's merits, and to remain content to offer the modest tribute of praise. To analyse were to destroy. There is something in the joyous presentation of life at its brightest and best that connects Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe with Mr. Henry Harland, to whose best work the "Bachelor in Arcady" bears some resemblance. Perhaps Mr. Sutcliffe's book will move the English reader more by reason of the familiar surroundings and the author's delightful realisation of the charm of common sights and sounds of rural England. Apart from the book's superficial charm—the quality that belongs to the skilled worker in words—there is the other attraction born of a certain conviction, amounting almost to knowledge, that the writer brings to the consideration of life a mind well balanced, tolerant, and cultured, and an eye that gives most heed to what is best worth seeing. If a book more instinct with the

purest joy of life has been published in the past year, it has escaped the reviewer's attention.

Whatever the defects of Miss Florence Warden's style, no one, certainly, can lay dullness to her charge. In "Tom Dawson," event succeeds event with that startling rapidity which can only be described as breathless. In the course of the first few pages the beautiful Dolores is wooed, won, wedded, deserted, divorced, and remarried, and she has also become insane! True, this is by way of prologue; but it is a very fair sample of Miss Warden's manner. The story is one of mystery and crime, and we need scarcely add that the interest is well sustained. The real hero of the tale—who, by the way, is not Tom Dawson—is after the pattern of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and, when all is said and done, a most unmitigated scoundrel; and although his crimes are many and various, he maintains almost to the last an urbane and impressive demeanour, and an appearance of surpassing benevolence. In such a book one looks in vain for minute characterisation or depth of insight, but, were they present, these qualities would seem as much out of place as sunlight on the stage. To criticise Miss Warden's work as a serious study of men and manners would be to make a gross blunder. Her object is to interest and amuse, and in this she is undeniably successful, and the reader who does not get his fill of excitement in his reading of these pages must be indeed insatiable. We commend "Tom Dawson" to the holiday-maker, and add the suggestion that the nervous and imaginative should read it by the light of day.

The author of "Hadrian the Seventh" is, we presume, a priest of the Roman Church, for he states in a prefatory note that his imaginary Pope in the story is "a purely human authority," not to be judged too severely by "the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman See, of which I declare myself to be an obedient son; and therefore I submit myself and all which I have written to her Judgment." It may be doubted whether this apology will suffice, should Pius X. or any Cardinal at Rome have time to read a romance which seats in the Chair of St. Peter an English ecclesiastic, unheard of until he is elected by the College of Cardinals as a compromise of the factions. George Arthur Rose, who has been very troublesome to his superiors for many years, chances to be at Rome, as chaplain to an English Cardinal, when this unexpected greatness is suddenly thrust upon him. His first Pontifical act is to renounce the Temporal Power; then he sells all the Vatican treasures, and devotes the money to secular purposes for the good of the Italian people, thus dishing the Socialists. The author has a violent antipathy to Socialism, the French Republic, and Russia. He makes the Kaiser deliver from the stage of the Berlin Opera a speech which converts all the German Socialists to the Monarchy. Then William conquers Russia and France, and the civilised world is divided by England, Germany, and Italy after arbitration by Hadrian. Believing that the Oriental mind can conceive nothing more perfect than Judaism, the Pope conceives "a sort of sympathy with Islam." "The effect of His entire freedom of action was to inspire Him physically and mentally with the thrilling vigour of a pentathlete." The book is written in a pentathletic style. We read of "toluteloquent" Cardinals, and of the "occasional twinkle of His ears—a muscular trick which He had forced Himself to learn for the disconcerting of more than usually oxymorose fools." Striking an iron door with his fist—"He let out with His left and punched" it—"That's what use you are," He said, and put glycerine on his bleeding knuckles. Catching a glimpse of His face in the mirror, "Beastly hypocrite," He sneered at Himself." It is not surprising to learn that he barred the windows of his private apartments, used safety razors, and would not trust himself with a knife at meals. In the end he was assassinated. Such a man could not die in his bed. To the novel-reader who yearns for a stimulating companion we can strongly recommend Pope Hadrian. He is amazingly lively all the time.

An American authoress attacked the lack of virility in her countrymen's fiction not long ago. We fancy that Miss Alice Brown's book, "High Noon," which is a collection of minutely etched short stories, would come in for her vigorous condemnation. It is written with an aloofness upon which the turbulence of a clumsy world is not permitted to intrude: from an oasis in the "painful kingdom of Time and Chance" in which the writer concerns herself only with the things of the inner life, the subtle affairs of the heart in men and women, whose characters she strips of the material husk. Whether we take these human beings of hers to be abnormally spiritual, or whether we believe that Miss Brown possesses a gift of clear-seeing that is able to translate the psychological impulses of inarticulate mankind into words, is immaterial in face of the fact that her studies are full of luminous suggestion, and are clothed in singularly penetrative language. One fragment may be quoted as the pivot upon which a situation turns; it gives a glimpse of an essentially feminine attitude towards the great emotion that is the motive of the stories. "Love," says the girl in "Rosamund in Heaven," who has lost her lover, "love is not taking; it is giving." And this is the consolation with which she passes out of the reader's sight.

Mr. Pickthall, the author of "Said the Fisherman," a book that stood conspicuous in recent fiction, has followed it with an English novel, as if determined not to confine his action to fields of which he may be said to be the pioneer. "Enid" is placed in a typically British setting, and filled with insular, if erratic, individuals: there is not even a whisper of the Eastern romance that brought the story of Said to favour, and its interest to the reader will probably lie more in the contrast it affords to that original piece of work than in its own merits. To tell the truth—though with reluctance, for it has been written with pains, and it contains a good deal of shrewdness—we have found it tiresome. Mr. Pickthall,

following other disciples of a great man into the pit, elaborates a congested style without being able to illuminate it with the real Meredithian glow. His novel is too long; it goes lamely—perhaps it would be better to say it marches on stilts; its tangle of marriages is too heavily handled to be followed with much eagerness. Probably the best thing in the book is the picture of Sidney Boyne, the morbidly jealous man. A survey of the scenes in which he appears suggests that with compression and escape from an artificial groove, "Enid" might have become a successful novel.

"The Letters of Charles Lamb," published in the Eversley Series, and edited by the late Canon Ainger, call for comment and commendation rather than for criticism. To those who have still to make the acquaintance of the correspondence of probably the best-loved essayist of his day, the volumes will be a delightful revelation; the interest of the student will be centred in a number of letters to John Rickman, of the House of Commons, the first of them written just after he had gone to Dublin as secretary to Charles Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester), and now printed for the first time. In these, the literary man will probably find chief entertainment in the essayist's remarks on his experiences with the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Morning Post*. Of his connection with the first of these he says: "I did something for them, but I soon found that it was a different thing writing for the Lordly Editor of the great Whig Paper to what it was scribbling for the poor *Albion*." The second journal gave him cause both for pride and for pain. "If you have read the *Post*," he says under the date of Jan. 9, 1802, "you may have seen a dissertation on Cooke's Richard the 3rd, which is the best thing I have done. It was in last Monday." Five days later he writes: "My editor uniformly rejects all that I do considerable in length. I shall only do paragraphs, with now and then a slight poem such as 'Dick Strype,' if you read it, which was but a long Epigram. So I beg you not to read with much expectation, for my poor paragraphs do only get in, when there are none of any body's else. Most of them are rejected; all, almost, that are *personal*, where my forte lies. And I cannot get at once out of the delightful regions of scurrility, the 'Delectable Mountains' of *Albion* where whilom I fed my sheep, into the kickshaws of fashionable tittle-tattle, which I *must learn*." On the first of the following month he announces his undertaking "solus" a paper in the *Morning Post*, to be called the *Londoner*; and a fortnight later: "By a cruel reverse of Fortune, that Dame who is painted with a wheel to signify to you, that she is changes, and rollings, and mutabilities, I am no longer Paragraph spinner. . . . I may yet do the *Londoner* at my Leisure." Altogether, these new letters are intensely interesting, human documents, to give even a summary of the contents of which is impossible in a brief review.

In the preface to "Russia As It Really Is," the author, Mr. Carl Joubert, after lamenting the number of inaccurate books published about Russia, and saying, "It is unfortunate when a few scribbling pens can lead a nation to false impressions," states: "It has been my lot to spend nine years in Russia. During that period I have visited every Government in the Empire; I have associated with every class; I have been the guest of Princes and the bedfellow of peasants; I have feasted in the palaces of St. Petersburg with the dissolute; and I have sat at the feet of the greatest thinker and philanthropist in Russia. And I, too, have thought sometimes." If Mr. Joubert had thought more frequently, it is to be feared that his book would have been less amusing, although it might possibly have been more instructive. As it is, it reads like a huge practical joke. The author evidently knows his Russia, and has picked up some Russian, or he could not have made the delightfully ludicrous mistakes with which the book is crammed. The larger part is devoted to a charming account of the rescue of some political prisoners, which suggests that the author must have read and forgotten Dumas. The section devoted to the Jews is by far the best. The funniest chapter is the one on the Emperor, who is described as the Holy Czar, and who is known, we are told, as *Zembla Bugh*, whatever that may mean. *Zemlya* is the earth, *Bugh* is god, but the two nominatives placed in disjointed juxtaposition convey no idea to the mind. Besides, the Emperor is never spoken of in such blasphemous language; he is called *Gossudar* by Prince and peasant alike. But nobody with a vestige of humour will take seriously any statement in Mr. Joubert's entertaining work.

Mr. Walter M. Gallichan, who published quite recently a charming little volume about Seville, gives in his latest work, "Fishing and Travel in Spain," a very fresh contribution to the list of books dealing with that half-known country. He paid a visit to Spain and Portugal in order to enjoy the excellent trout-fishing that the rivers of the Peninsula afford, and there can be few of old Izaak's latter-day followers who will not find their blood stirred as they read the records of his sport. Spain and Portugal offer attractions to scores of fishermen who have not yet realised the countries' possibilities, and many sportsmen who do know something of the Peninsula hesitate to go out of the beaten track with the fear of a bad reception before their eyes. Such fears are groundless. Mr. Gallichan points out that, in Spain and Portugal alike, natives are courteous and considerate; food and accommodation, while leaving much to be desired, are likely to suffice for strong, healthy people bent upon the pursuit of trout. The traveller can find sport that will not compare unfavourably in cost, quality, or natural surroundings with anything Great Britain has to offer. This little volume should serve to attract many keen fishermen to a district that, for all its shortcomings, is one of the most fascinating in Europe. Spaniards and Portuguese welcome British visitors, and, in the country places at least, have not yet learned to overcharge or exploit them.

THE "MALACCA" INCIDENT IN PARLIAMENT: SCENES DURING MR. BALFOUR'S STATEMENT.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE QUESTION OF RUSSIA'S ACTION: GOVERNMENT AND OPPOSITION SPEAKERS.

Mr. Balfour announced to the House on July 28 that with regard to the seizure of the "Malacca," Russia had given way. The Premier remarked that he had little doubt that there would be no further desire on the part of Russia to employ vessels of the Volunteer Fleet as cruisers, and that similar trouble need not be apprehended.

WITH YOUNGHUSBAND IN TIBET: DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS OF THE ADVANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.



COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND AND MEMBERS OF THE POLITICAL STAFF AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN OF TROOPS AND TRANSPORTS LEAVING CAMP AT KALASTO.



THE 2ND GURKHAS, WITH TRANSPORT IN REAR, ON THE ROAD TO GYANGTSE.



TRANSPORT BOGGED IN A RIVER ON THE ROAD TO GYANGTSE.



TRANSPORT CROSSING RIVER ON THE ROAD TO GYANGTSE.

CLEARING THE FIRST GREAT OBSTACLE IN TIBET: THE FIGHTING ROUND GYANGTSE

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOPK FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT RYBOT, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.



THE LAST PHASE OF THE ATTACK ON THE TSE-CHEN MONASTERY, TWO MILES WEST OF GYANGTSE FORT.

"The Fort commanded the Monastery, which lies on the same ridge, but beyond and beneath. The 8th Gurkhas, assisted by a tremendous and very accurate fire from the ten-pounder quick-firing guns, took the place in fine style just before darkness fell—that is, about 6 p.m. Such of the garrison as survived the attack made their escape down the hill-side to the left rear into a valley. Here, however, the mounted infantry caught them as they fled, and accounted for over a hundred. While the Gurkhas were attacking the ridge the 40th Pathans rushed the village beneath. The Monastery was finally blown up by the sappers."—NOTE BY LIEUTENANT RYBOT.

RUSSIA'S FURTHER LOSS IN MANCHURIA: SCENES IN NEW-CHWANG, ENTERED BY THE JAPANESE, JULY 26.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PERCIVAL PHILLIPS, ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FAR EAST.



1. THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATOR'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEW-CHWANG.
5. RUSSIAN EARTHWORKS HASTILY ERECTED ALONG THE RIVER LIAO ABOVE NEW-CHWANG.
8. RUSSIAN BATTERIES PASSING NORTHWARDS.

2. THE IMPERIAL CUSTOM HOUSE AT NEW-CHWANG.
6. FIELD BATTERIES MOVING NORTH THROUGH NEW-CHWANG AFTER THE EVACUATION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS AT THE MOUTH OF THE LIAO RIVER.
9. IN HONOUR OF THE CZAR: THE MAIN STREET OF NEW-CHWANG DECORATED FOR THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.
10. THE ENTRANCE TO RUSSIAN MANCHURIA: BOUNDARY ON THE RIVER LIAO, ABOVE NEW-CHWANG.
11. FORAGE FOR HORSES: THE METHOD OF TRANSPORT THROUGH NEW-CHWANG.

3. COSSACKS AND SIBERIAN RIFLEMEN PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW-CHWANG.
4. THE CHIEF RUSSIAN BARRACKS IN NEW-CHWANG.
7. LIGHT BATTERIES AT NEW-CHWANG.
12. MUSCOVY IN CATHAY: A RUSSIAN SENTRY WITHIN THE CHINESE CITY OF NEW-CHWANG.

The sentry marks the limit beyond which only military may pass.
On the left of the sentry is neutral territory.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CURATIVE PLANTS.

When Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet" remarks on the "powerful grace that lies in herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities," he expresses fairly well the opinion of modern medicine. From the vegetable world a very considerable portion of the armamentarium of the physician is derived. True, he relies on the mineral world for curative agents, and also lays toll on the animal kingdom for certain things, ranging from leeches and spermaceti to wax and cod-liver oil. But the plant world affords him the bulk of his drugs, and many of the most subtle principles used in the treatment of disease are fabricated in the laboratory presided over by Dame Nature herself.

Seated in an old-world garden—one of those charming spots where nature does most of the cultivation, and man the least—I found myself with a volume on vegetable simples. I could have culled a dozen of the herbs the author treated of within a radius of a dozen yards. Our forefathers had great faith in vegetable preparations when they were sick, and nettle broth and dandelion tea are not unknown in rural districts still. Parsley leaves are used in infusion as a drink for kidney troubles, and a black eye or other bruise is treated *secundum artem* in the village with a poultice of parsley leaves. Gerard's "Herbal," written in Elizabeth's time, is a curious old book wherein are treated divers matters ranging from the uses of plants to the development of geese out of the sea-barnacles.

Another "Boke of Simples" was written by the learned Bulleyn, who lived in the time of the sixth Edward. Culpepper's name is still a household word with herbalists. In 1652, we read, he published for the Commonwealth a "Compleat Method." This enabled a man to "cure himself, being sick, for threepence charge, with such things only as grow in England, they being most fit for English bodies." John Wesley practised physic, as those who know his life are well aware. His system was not strictly limited to vegetable simples, seeing that for the cure of consumption he advised the use of human milk by the patient. But Wesley prescribed boiled carrots as an exclusive diet for a fortnight for the cure of asthma, and recommended bald-headed people to wash their vacant spots with a decoction of boxwood. For bleeding from the lungs or stomach the juice of nettles is ordered, and for an ague six pills of middling size of cobwebs.

Dr. Fernie, whose charming book was my companion in the garden, gives a full list of plant simples and their uses. He is very eager to impress upon us that in many cases the virtues of plants in medicine, empirically discovered, have been substantiated by later chemical analysis and medical practice. No doubt this is very true, though not all the plants of the herbalist are recognised by the doctor of to-day. Many, in fact, are recognised to work us good because they are consumed as foods. We get scurvy, for instance, when we neglect green vegetables containing salts of potash; and the principles of fruits are excellent things indeed, whilst from other vegetables we obtain starches and sugars that rank as important food-stuffs. Even some of our common flowers afford us valuable principles useful in the physician's hands. Take the case of the lily-of-the-valley, for example. From it we obtain a substance which has a decided action on the heart and which is used in place of digitalis. It is valued for its action on an irritable heart, while probably old Gerard was right when he asserted that the juice was a cure for gout.

The dandelion has always enjoyed a high reputation with the herbalist. It is used as a liver stimulant, and is so prescribed in medicine, for in the druggists' list we find preparations of the plant. The leaves make an excellent salad. The root makes dandelion coffee, and the milky juice, or "latex," has been used as an application by way of removing warts. As for the strawberry, it has long enjoyed a high reputation as a cure for bloodlessness, because it contains a certain amount of iron. Gouty folks are advised against the berry because, of course, it contains sugar, which, in truth, is its chief food-constituent; but the great Linnaeus, on the other hand, maintained that his eating freely of strawberries prevented an attack of "the disorder of kings."

If we elect to pass into regions more nearly connected with modern medicine than with the domain of the herbalist pure and simple, we may find many illustrations of the contributions of the plant kingdom to the science and art of healing. We have only to think of quinine, the Jesuit's Bark of old, obtained from the cinchona plant, to realise what the discovery of its anti-malarial properties means to mankind. Even tobacco has its medical uses, although admittedly most of us prefer to use the "divine herb" in our own way, in our own doses, and irrespective of the orders of our doctors.

It is a wonderful thought this, that well-nigh every plant yields to man some principles or other such as may prove useful to him as foods or as medicines, or as both. Mother Nature is a skilful chemist, manufacturing in her leaf and root laboratories subtle essences, ranging from poisons to grateful balms and odours. We are apt to lose sight of this view of the plant as a chemist, but it is one which gives us a deeper insight into the wondrous fabricating power of life, which out of the plant's food makes so many and different substances of service to mankind. Well may we, even in this advanced age, exclaim with Ovid—

Happy the age to which we moderns give
The name of "golden," when men chose to live
On woodland fruits; and for their medicines took,
Herbs from the field, and simples from the brook.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3127 and 3128 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3130 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3131 from A G Pancoska; of No. 3132 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Dawlish and District Club, E E Green (New Southgate), and Sorrento.

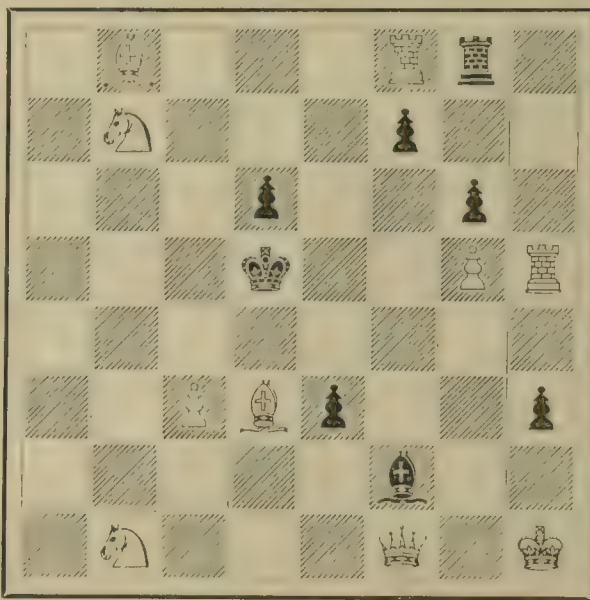
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3143 received from J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A Langdon (Brighton), M Hobhouse, F Henderson (Leeds), H S Brandreth (Dieppe), Sorrento, H T Anderson (Liverpool), Clement C Danby, Alpha, G Stillngate (Johnson (Cobham), Shadforth, Reginald Gordon, L Desanges, A A B (Clifton), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3142.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to B 3rd Any move
2. Q, B, or K mates.

PROBLEM No. 3145.—By C. B. WITMERLE, M.D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

HOLIDAY CHESS.

We give below, as suitable for this season of the year, a few chess sparklets that have lately come under our notice.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in Philadelphia between Messrs. W. P. SHIPLEY and S. W. BAMPTON.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. B takes P	Q takes P (ch)
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	11. K to B sq	P takes B
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	12. Q takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
5. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	13. B to Q 2nd	Q to B 3rd (ch)
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes B		
7. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt		
8. Q to B 3rd	Kt takes R		

White resigns. Skirmishing on the brink of a precipice usually means sudden death for one or the other of the contending parties.

Game played in New York between Messrs. G. J. SCHWEITZER and J. H. SMYTHE.

(Greco Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Schweitzer).	BLACK (Mr. Smythe).	WHITE (Mr. Schweitzer).	BLACK (Mr. Smythe).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	6. P takes P	B to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 1th	7. B to Q 4th	Kt to B 3rd
3. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	8. Kt to K Kt 5th	K R to B sq
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	9. Kt takes R P	Kt takes B
5. P to K R 3rd	P takes P		

And White mates in five moves.

CHESS IN HAMBURG.

Game played between Messrs. KLUXEN and LASKER.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	11. Kt to K 4th	B to Kt 5th (ch)
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B takes Kt (ch)
3. P takes K P	P to Q 5th	13. K takes B	Q to Kt 3rd
4. P to Q R 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	14. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt
5. B to K B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	15. B to B 2nd	Kt to R 4th
6. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th		
7. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 4th		
8. P to B 4th	Q to R 3rd		
9. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to K 6th		
10. Kt to B 2nd	B to K B 4th		

White resigns. The game is well played by Black, and it would be difficult to find in so short a compass a more perfect specimen of crushing strategy against ill-directed defence.

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played between Mr. O. C. PLEASANTS and Mr. R. J. BARNES.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	14. P to B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	15. Kt takes P	Q to Q 2nd
3. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to K Kt 3rd	16. B to Q 3rd	B takes B
4. Q to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	17. R takes B	Q to R 5th
5. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	18. Kt to Q R 3rd	Kt takes P
6. B to K 4th	B to K 2nd	19. R to B 3rd	Kt to Q 6th (ch)
7. B takes Kt	B takes B	20. K to Q 2nd	Kt takes P
8. Q takes K P	P to Q 4th		
9. Q to Q 3rd	Kt takes P		
10. Kt to Q R 3rd	Castles		
11. Castles	B to B 4th		
12. Q to K Kt 3rd	P to B 4th		
13. P to K B 4th	P to B 5th		

White resigns. The advantage comes to Black from White's endeavour to make his Queen do too much in the opening. White would have done better to have played 15. B takes P. Black's clever nineteenth move is very skilful, and wins against any play.

PROBLEM BY S. LOYD.

White: K at Q R 6th, Q at K Kt 7th, Rs at K B 2nd and Q B 6th, Bs at K Kt 3rd and Q K 8th, Ps at Q B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd and 4th.
Black: K at K 5th, Q at K B 3rd, Kts at K R 2nd and Q R 8th.
White mates in two moves.

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THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

The seizure, and still more the sinking, of neutral merchant-vessels by Russian war-ships and Volunteer cruisers have created at the time of writing a diplomatic situation of undoubted gravity. The factors of this situation are so many and various that the public mind has naturally been in a certain confusion. The whole complicated question of contraband of war, the status of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, the passage of the Dardanelles—these are some only of the points which demanded patient and careful consideration. Nevertheless there are certain aspects of the situation which it is both possible and useful to present with tolerable clearness.

In the first place, it must be obvious to the least reflecting person how large a debt we owe to the King. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that we are now reaping the fruits of the noble work to which his Majesty set his hand almost immediately after his accession, and which has already earned for him the glorious title of King Edward the Peacemaker. Probably only posterity will know the exact share which the King had in bringing about the conclusion of the Anglo-French Convention, but there can be no possible doubt that it was great. And it is already evident that this Convention, like so many others in the history of diplomacy, is destined to have effects reaching far beyond the four corners of its specific provisions.

The British Fleet is, as a Russian newspaper recently took the opportunity of reminding its readers, superior in strength to the combined naval forces of France, Germany, and Russia; and it is undoubtedly the consciousness of this fact that has prevented public opinion in this country from rising to a dangerous pitch of excitement. Great Britain is ready, in the last resort, to use her Fleet for the protection of that vast seaborne commerce which is far and away the most vital of all British interests. But it is certainly to be hoped that we are not within even measurable distance of a war which must inevitably inflict serious injury on the very commerce for the defence of which it would be waged. The sheer magnitude of our trade renders the position of Great Britain with regard to contraband of war one of peculiar difficulty. For while it is obvious, on the one hand, that we must protect our merchant tonnage from such interference as it has lately undergone at the hands of Russian naval officers, it is not less evident that we should create no precedent which might unduly restrict our own exercise of the right of search in some future war.

In one of his most striking speeches, Mr. Balfour on one occasion combated the curious fallacy that a nation attains commercial prosperity at the expense of its commercial competitors, and that, similarly, trade depression in a particular country is of necessity a benefit to that country's rivals. A corresponding fallacy in regard to international relations is unfortunately but too prevalent, and is to be found especially in the mass of speeches and writings which are concerned with the relations between Great Britain and Russia. It may be at once admitted that it is not to the interest of Great Britain that any one Power should become unduly strong; and we may recall with legitimate pride the sacrifices which we, as a nation, incurred in reducing the domination which Napoleon exercised in the zenith of his power over Europe. But it is equally little to the interest of Great Britain that any one Power, and especially Russia, should become markedly weaker. So delicate is the balance of power in Europe, so nice are the adjustments by which certain ambitions are, as it were, held in leash, that any disturbance of them might rudely break the peace of Europe. Russia is already becoming seriously weakened by her war with Japan, and there are eventualities in Austria-Hungary and South-eastern Europe which make it essential, both in the eyes of Great Britain and of France, that at any rate a fairly strong Power should hold the eastern frontier of Germany.

By no one, we may be certain, is this aspect of affairs better appreciated than by M. Delcassé. Surely this man will live in history as one of the most far-sighted and broad-minded statesmen who ever controlled the foreign policy of a great nation. He has not been in office for more than a few years; but already he has been instrumental in bringing about such a change in the relations of France, not only with Great Britain, but also with Italy, as to constitute in each case an entirely new departure, a complete breaking with the suspicions and misunderstandings of the past. It is believed by some shrewd observers that M. Delcassé has by no means yet completed that masterly policy which he has pursued with unflinching steadiness of aim and singleness of purpose—that he will establish, before he lays down his office, yet further claims upon the gratitude of all Europe. For the present, however, it is enough to point out how much the gravity of the situation between Great Britain and Russia is diminished by the mere fact that so wise and loyal a statesman is installed at the Quai d'Orsay.

The assassination of M. de Plehve seems to bring perceptibly nearer that domestic revolution which almost every thinking Russian regards, with curious fatalism, as being sooner or later inevitable. It seems at the same time to postpone indefinitely the realisation of that dream of a close Anglo-Franco-Russian understanding, if not alliance, which the new Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's is said to entertain. But apart from the prospect of a revolution, with its fascinating possibilities of instructive political experiments, the abiding obstacle in the way of a durable Anglo-Russian understanding is the absence of any real Ministerial responsibility in St. Petersburg. The Czar's Ministers are not a coherent body of men, acting in concert and bound by one another's engagements, as are the Cabinets of other Powers; they are individually responsible only to the Czar, who is himself not bound by their decisions. Russia is obviously not suited even for a modified form of Republican Government, but the expected revolution might be a blessing in disguise, if it substituted for the present autocracy a Government possessed of continuity and responsibility.—F. S. A. L.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF YACHTING: CONSOLATION IN TROUBLE.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



Aug. 6, 1904.]—"The Illustrated London News" Supplement—1

RUN AGROUND: RECREATION TILL THE TIDE RISES.

The crew of a private yacht that recently ran aground whiled away the tedium of waiting until the tide could take them off by racing little yachts made of cork, with matches for masts, paper sails, and pennies as keels. The winner pocketed the keel.



THE SURPRISE WINNER OF THE STEWARDS' CUP: MR. J. M. KERNE'S MELAYE.



WHERE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND ENTERTAINED THE KING: THE DINING-ROOM AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.



THE OAK BED-ROOM AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.



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DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT GOODWOOD.



THE WINNER OF THE GOODWOOD CUP: MR. FABER'S SALTPIETRE.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.



THE TAPESTRY BED-ROOM AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S RACING STABLES AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.



THE FAMOUS BIRDLESS GROVE AT GOODWOOD.



THE KING'S RESIDENCE DURING THE GOODWOOD MEETING: GOODWOOD HOUSE.

THE LAST ACT OF THE SEASON OF 1904: THE KING AT GOODWOOD, AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE MEETING.

THE "PAP OF PITY": A QUAINT SUMMER CUSTOM AT AN ITALIAN HIGHLAND MONASTERY.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLEGRINI



THE MIDDAY DISTRIBUTION OF BOWLS OF THE "PAP OF PITY" TO ALL COMERS AT THE MONASTERY OF VAL DI ROSE.

At the ancient convent of Val di Rose it is the traditional custom to distribute at noon during the summer season to all comers the so-called "pappa della misericordia," or "pap of pity." Visitors make a point of bringing their bowl when they climb the heights to the monastery, whence a very beautiful view is to be obtained. The figures in the picture wear the typical costumes of Val di Rose.

RUSSIAN REMOUNTS: HORSE TRANSPORT IN THE FAR EAST.

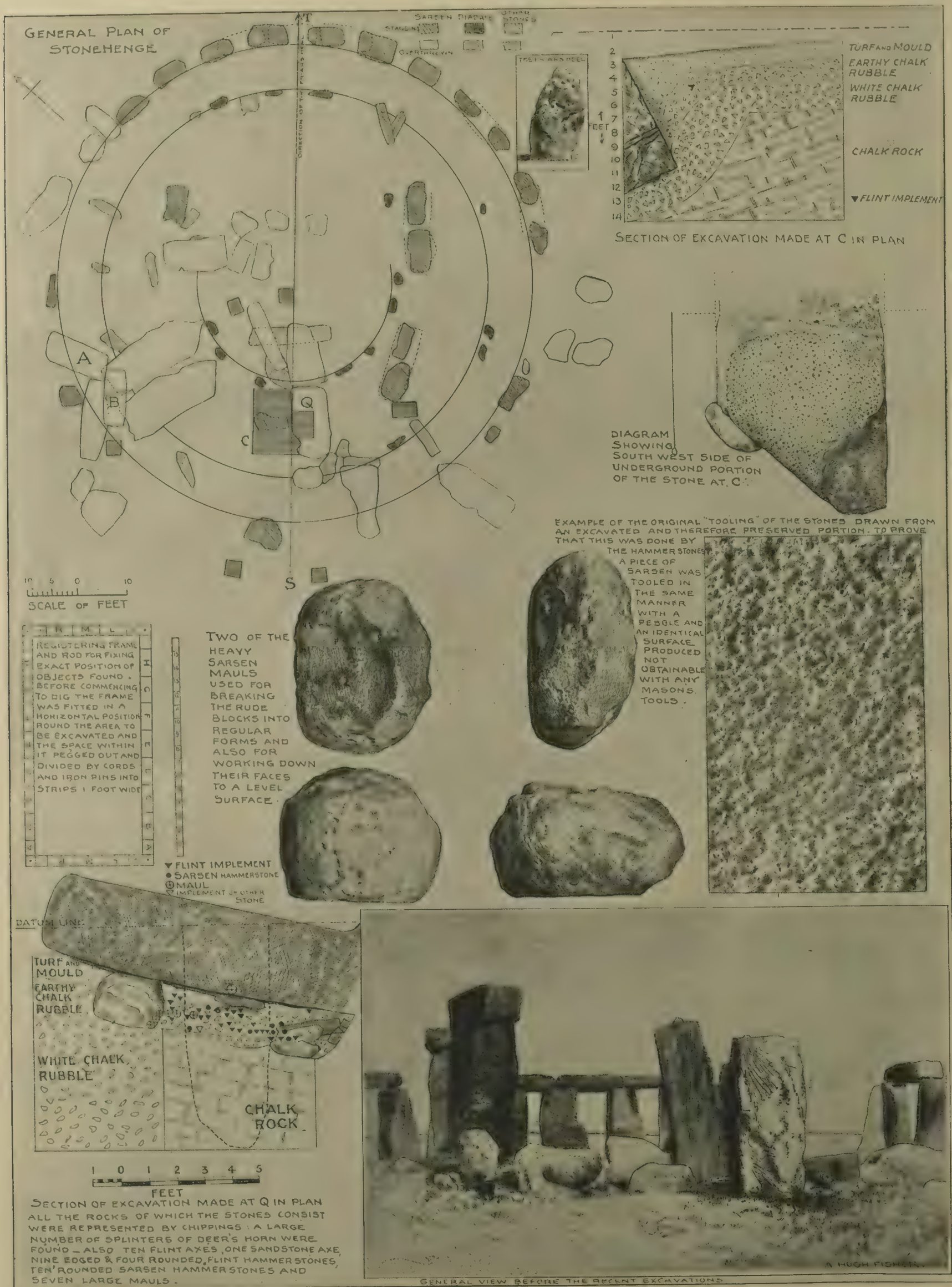
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



REQUISITIONED MANCHURIAN PONIES BEING ENTRAINED IN EASTERN MONGOLIA.

UNRAVELLING A PRIMEVAL MYSTERY: RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT STONEHENGE.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM DESIGNS PREPARED FOR THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.



NEW FACTS REGARDING THE MONOLITHS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

The fall of two stones of the outer circle (A and B in plan) a year or two back led to the formation of a committee, under whose advice a thorough examination of Stonehenge was carried out, with the assistance of the owner, Sir Edmund Antrobus. Certain excavations were made confirming the theory that Stonehenge was erected by men of the Neolithic, or, at latest, the early Bronze Age. On June 24 the sun rises almost in the line S T, the central axis of the plan joining the isolated stone called the Friar's Heel, some distance outside the outer circle towards T. The angle of difference between this and a line passing through the actual centre of the Friar's Heel (too small an angle to show upon the drawing) gives the difference of the position of the sun at corresponding previous risings. By astronomical calculation Sir Norman Lockyer concluded that, within a possible error of two hundred years either way, the actual coincidence with the central line was in 1680 B.C. This conclusion from astronomical data confirms those arrived at from the evidence of the excavations.

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Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
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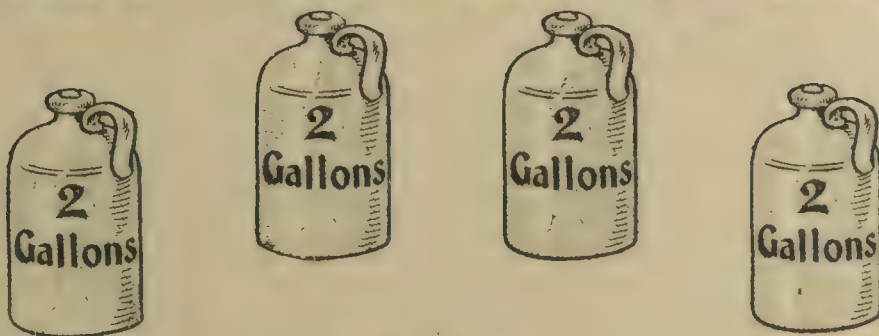
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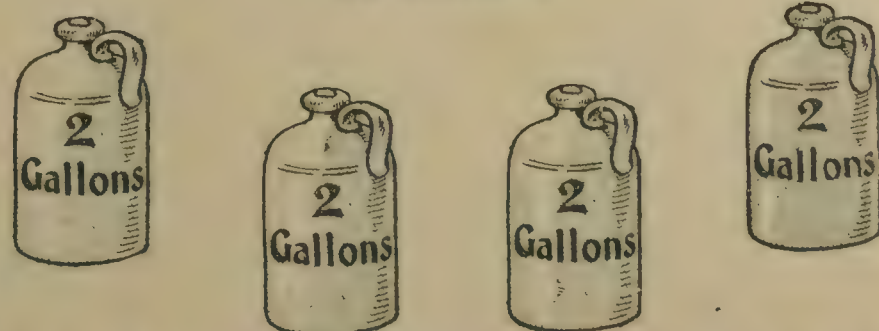
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LADIES' PAGE.

It has been a delightful experience to have real summer once again; but the question of food-supply has become acute for the house-mistress. Big joints are not acceptable to the jaded eye and languid taste, while steaks and chops are tough for want of hanging. Nevertheless, the large caterers say that they find that these last-mentioned viands are much in request in the hot weather. The heat is very exhausting, and men fancy that they will recuperate their forces most rapidly with a solid



A SMART AND USEFUL WRAP.

The material is white cloth, with pavements of scarlet cloth embroidered, and is equally suitable for day and evening wear.

portion of nourishment. Now, in catering for the men of a household, it is no use to give them what we believe will be best for them; they must be themselves satisfied. But if we take a leaf from the book of experience, and see what is eaten in lands where the utmost heat of our English summers is counted a moderate temperature, we shall find that the natives of such climates rely very largely upon pulse for their nourishment, and eat but little meat. There are infinite varieties of dishes of this order to be prepared, if some ingenuity be exercised, in the British kitchen. The novelty will be found appetising by the stronger sex, and may prove so popular with them that the portion of meat may be presently limited with safety.

Rice, lentils, and the numerous varieties of macaroni are, for example, the respective staple foods of the inhabitants of India, China, Egypt, and Italy. The first and last mentioned are so bland and obliging in their own nature that they will take any other flavours with amiability, and will thus make numerous savoury or sweet dishes to choice. Rice will form the base of a good dozen savoury dishes, some of which include a small portion of meat, and others of which are simply seasoned with butter or with what the great cook Soyer used to call "pot-top"—namely, dripping skimmed from boiling meat; or ordinary good beef dripping can be used. The Lascar seamen on the great India-going ships live almost exclusively on boiled rice, seasoned with a little of the Indian vegetable butter, ghee, which is, to judge by its odour, excessively strong in flavour, and is decidedly one of the numerous viands the taste for which has to be learned and acquired by habit. But we have many flavours at our command that will be acceptable to the palates for which we have to cater, and that will make a rice dish enjoyed on a hot day. It wants but a little study and a small exercise of the imagination; and, considering that, for most of us, housekeeping is our business—the art by the exercise of which, after all, we earn our right to exist and enjoy the good things of life—it is little to the credit of married women if they do not give an adequate amount of attention to their housewifely duties. Rice needs thorough washing in the first place, and then to be boiled with abundance of stock or water, to swell it. After that there is the choice of seasoning,

in the way of tomatoes, mushrooms, cheese, minced-up cold meats, breast of chicken torn in fragments and mixed with good white sauce, bits of calf's liver (this is the popular dish seen at the best Italian tables, "Risotto aux fegatini"); and many other additions can be chosen from. Or the rice can be seasoned in its first boiling with onions, and then fried in flat or cork-shaped portions, and served with a brown sauce round; it can be mixed with beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of mace and saffron, and finished in the oven. There is hardly any end to the variety possible in this one article of diet.

Just as an illustration of the way in which rice can be utilised to make a dish with but little addition of other ingredients, I may give one recipe, the invention of the celebrated Francatelli (who was in a position to observe casually, "Marrow toast was eaten every day by her Majesty Queen Victoria while I had the honour to serve her table"). The easy and excellent recipe to be quoted was Francatelli's tribute to the goodness and fame of Miss Florence Nightingale. He called it after her name—"Riz à la Sœur Nightingale": "Fry well-boiled and cooled rice in a little fresh butter, with a sprinkling of grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to taste; when quite hot in the pan, add the whites of some hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and also a dried haddock, boiled and shredded, first removing the skin; mix well, pile up into a cone on a hot dish, and decorate the top of it with the yellows of the eggs rubbed through a wire sieve and mixed with a little grated cheese; garnish with fried croutons round the base; stand the dish in the oven for five minutes to make quite hot, and to give a slight golden tint, and serve immediately."

There is a certain irony of fate in the payment of huge sums at auction-sales for the autograph letters of celebrities who in their lives could scarcely make enough to meet the wants of life by the sale of their most careful compositions. Poor Burns!—how amazed he would have been to be told that a letter that he dashed off on April 11, 1791, would be sold for £62 in 1904! The epistle is in itself interesting. It is in praise of woman in humble life; but the chief feature of this interest is the point that it affords for a momentary view of the change that has taken place in the physique of woman in the upper ranks. Burns takes it for granted that a cultivated and wealthy lady must be a weakling, and that health and strength are the sole prerogative of his own class of "females." He says: "This is the peculiar privilege of our hale, sprightly damsels. We cannot hope for that highly polished mind, that charming delicacy of soul, which is found among the female world in the more elevated stations of life. We meaner mortals must put up with the next rank of female excellence. . . . These, with a healthy frame, a sound, vigorous constitution, which your higher ranks can scarcely ever hope to enjoy, are the charms of lovely woman in my humble walk of life." To such a miserable state of health had fashion and folly brought the women of the upper ranks in the eighteenth century! It is, of course, not alone the dictum of Burns set down in a letter that justifies this conclusion. The assertion is repeated in the literature of the century again and again that men in those times preferred women to be sickly, weak, and timid, and that (as men always make women's fashions—in a state of dependence it must be so) all women who wished to be in the mode made themselves as delicate as possible, and pretended to the virtue of poor health when Nature refused to allow them the reality. Rousseau, the sickly minded, and Dr. Gregory, the sensible physician and "Father" whose "Legacy to his Daughters" was then in every girl's library, as well as numerous other authors, all insist in their instructions to women upon fragility, delicate health, and an inability to bear exertion and an aversion to plenty of food and to vigorous exercise, as essentials of "female" charm. How changed are our conditions! The happy girls who spend three or four hours a week in the school gymnasium, and develop into the tall, well-built women who play tennis, hockey, and bowls, who cycle and swim and walk long distances, would be fairly amazed if it were now suggested to them that "a healthy frame, a sound, vigorous constitution," are something that "women in the higher ranks can hardly ever hope to enjoy." What a blessed change—at least as precious as the wider intellectual revolution that also has taken place.

A very interesting account is given by Mr. McHugh, the war-correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* with the Second Division of the Japanese army, of a memorial service for the dead held on the very spot where they had laid down their lives for their country. The service was held in the open air, awakening by its surroundings of beetling cliffs and growing trees visions of the Druids' circles for worship, of which traces remain in our land. The point of chief interest to us is the account given of a goddess of the Shinto religion (the official faith of Japan), whose emblem, a mirror (typifying the sun, of which she is the deity), was placed in the central position before the altar. "She is Ten-Shoko-Daijingu, born from the left eye of the Creator. This goddess is the greatest figure among the myriads of gods in the Japanese pantheon. She is honoured above all the rest, and her shrine at Ise is the Mecca of Japan." The religion of Japan is divided between Shintoism, to which this goddess belongs, and Buddhism; and the followers of the latter faith held a similar service after the Shinto rites were finished, using the same altar. In that religion, too, there is a beautiful womanly ideal to be worshipped. She is called Kwannon, and is most suitably the Goddess of Mercy, always shown with her hand upraised to bless, and a smile of mother-love

upon her face. Sometimes she is represented with several arms, each of which tenders to mankind some desired blessing, some temporal good thing. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan," says: "Kwannon has a great and faithful love of the human race; having already attained Nirvana, she put its joys aside and returned of her own free will to this world, to save and comfort men and women. She is the mother to whom all mothers pray, for she sends children and she protects children. Even the animals she loves, and there are shrines where the peasants bring their animals to receive her blessing. . . . Such is the Buddhist picture of Kwannon, the faithful, loving, powerful mother, the type of womanly graciousness and goodness." One feels that the constant contemplation of such noble and beautiful qualities personified in womanly form ought to impress the minds of the men and women who follow the religions professed. But is it so? No, the women of those countries are degraded and most cruelly oppressed by law and custom. Thus a Japanese wife and mother can be divorced by her husband at any moment at his merest whim. How strange is this contradiction!

Seaside gowns have their most smart expression in the Cowes Week, but women of taste show their appreciation of the fact that the best is the simplest in this respect. Blue serge is always the most fashionable wear on the Club lawns. The Queen appeared in smart, workmanlike serge dresses, blue and grey; her Majesty wears coat and skirt gowns, with close-fitting coat-sleeves, and but little trimming on her yachting-dresses. Short skirts are usual, too; and though there is much talk of increased width in the skirts, it is not perceptible in the royal costume, or in any other gowns built by really first-rate tailors. A certain amount of decoration is permissible. A good seaside frock in blue serge had deep cuffs of cream serge, trimmed with a line about an inch deep of red serge, finished by a touch of narrow gold braid, this last edging the junction of the white and blue, and forming glittering "curley-cues" at intervals. This decoration was repeated in two lines round the foot of the skirt; and the vest was white serge embroidered lightly all over with gold cord and fastened by tiny gold buttons and cords. A great many cream serge dresses are patronised. One embroidered in red, blue, and brown in an Oriental-looking design on deep cuffs, revers, and yoke over hips, is effective.

On hot mornings linen carries off the palm of popularity: the excellent colourings and smooth, even



A PRETTY DINNER-BLOUSE.

Just the garment that a traveller needs to wear to table-d'hôte. It is made of cream lace and trimmed with chiffon, roses, and leaves. The sleeves and front are in puffed chiffon.

satiny, surface of the best weaves, or the equally attractive loose mesh that looks so cool, have won the Irish material great favour. Spots are the smartest wear; and if a plain-surfaced gown is chosen, the thing to do is to trim it with circles of some kind. Very pretty passementeries arranged in this disc-like design are forthcoming in all colours. A spotted cambric or muslin frock with lace decorations makes a good promenade costume for mornings, and voiles and printed muslins appear in afternoons. FILOMENA.

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ART NOTES.

Excellent is the selection of Japanese colour-prints now to be seen at Messrs. Goupil's Gallery in Bedford Street. Here are found as perfect specimens of a perfect art as can anywhere be seen. In every case the prints shown are beautiful impressions, and the group of artists most fully represented is that which most nearly makes a comprehensible appeal to the European mind. In the rather stiff art of Harunobu and Koriyasai, and in the exquisitely free draughtsmanship of Yeishi and Outamaro, there is the same genius of design, the same racial instinct for the delicate and unimpassioned beauties of nature.

It is hard to conceive a more perfect artistic expression of those superficialities which the Japanese artist so happily records. How far that which is recorded is a key to the national character is a matter much discussed of late; but one must almost decide that in the individual case of such an artist as Outamaro, existence had few problems beyond the right placing of a flower and the just arrangement of a fold. These problems—be they great or small—he certainly solves. We are less sure of him when we come to any emotions beyond those inspired by the mere graceful movements and shy glances of his beautiful sitters. It is precisely the absence of all graver purpose which makes the colour-print of Japan so complete as far as it goes. It is the final expression by a masterly hand of things seen by an eye of—shall we say?—less intuition than that of the Western baby. Had passion or thought for one moment been present, this perfection would have been lost; for necessarily these higher things are but incompletely expressed by the conventions of art. It is, then, a holiday from the intellect, spent with things of exceeding beauty, that a half-hour at Messrs. Goupil's Gallery will afford.

Mr. George Frampton, R.A., is busily at work on the first design for his colossal bronze statue of the late Marquis of Salisbury, to be set up in the sight of all men by the county of Hertford. The late statesman's figure was not exactly statuesque: the stooping shoulders of the student and



AN UNUSUAL SALUTATION IN JAPAN: THE EUROPEAN HANDSHAKE.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "The other day, when cavalry and infantry were halted on the road to the railway station, I observed two men from different regiments leave the ranks and advance to meet each other. After the customary bows, they grasped each other's hands in true European style. As this was a very exceptional proceeding, I sent over my interpreter to know the reason, whereupon I learned that these two men had been chums all their lives, and were now going to the front, one as a non-commissioned officer, the other as a private. This might probably be their last meeting. So rare is the handshake among the Japanese that I thought it worthy of a sketch."

the bowed head of the man who bears the cares of a nation do not lend themselves to bronze. But Mr. Frampton will succeed in the general effect where others must almost certainly fail; and as to details of likeness, he has unique advantages; for he had sittings at Hatfield from the ex-Premier only very shortly before his death.

In the case of such memorials, the question often rises as to the time of life which should be selected for commemoration. It does not seem right that Death should in all cases determine the age of presentation. In the case of men who have been active or heroic in the senate or the camp, a model taken in years of decrepitude is surely by no means a happy design. Even ecclesiastics sometimes suffer by this deferred image of them. Cardinal Newman, for instance, seems almost senile in Brompton—he was not always nearly ninety, any more than Lord Herbert of Lea, in Pall Mall, was always standing in an attitude of conscious reflection. To Lord Salisbury came no extreme feebleness. He died as he had lived for many a year; and the presentation of him made for his admiring country by Mr. Frampton will present him as completing, and not as contradicting, his career.

The portrait of Sir Henry Thompson which Millais painted close on a quarter of a century ago was devised by the sitter to the nation, and has now been hung in the National Gallery. The famous surgeon is seen at a time when his powers were at their height, his dinner-parties the most desired, his friendships the most extended. His quietude is his "note"; and yet, placid as he was, he loved racing motor-cars at the end of his life better than anything else in the world. Like so many wits, he had an extremely serious expression. These points are happily rendered in the portrait painted by his great friend, and now displayed as a pendant to the same artist's presentation of Gladstone.

Mr. John Baillie is again to adventure with the *Venture*—the annual magazine which made its first appearance last Christmas. Some of Mr. Sargent's less-known decorative work is to be produced; and there is to appear a quite new Whistler design, as well as drawings by Mr. Augustus John and Mr. W. Orpen. W. M.

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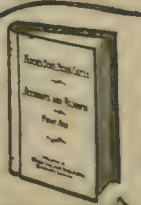


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dean Gregory was present in St. Paul's Cathedral at the consecration of his son as Bishop of Mauritius, and was the first to receive the chalice at the Communion service which followed. The friends of the venerable Dean were glad to see him looking somewhat improved in health. An excellent sermon was preached on this occasion by the Rev. G. B. Vaux, Rector of Carshalton, who gave an instructive historical account of the diocese of Mauritius.

Colonial Bishops, of whom no fewer than ten are at present in England, are to be very much in request as preachers during August. Last Sunday the Bishop of Sierra Leone was the evening preacher at St. Paul's, and the Bishop of Lucknow at Westminster Abbey.

Bishop Gore's remarkable sermon on Hugh Latimer deserves to be read in full. It was preached at the consecration of the Bishop Latimer Memorial Church, Handsworth New Road, Birmingham. Dr. Gore described Latimer as "a great preacher of righteousness, a great and vigorous lover of God's people, a



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prince of Christian Socialists, and one of the best English pulpit orators." He read numerous extracts from Latimer's racy and original prose, which has the directness, the humour, the knowledge of human nature, and the profound moral fervour of Martin Luther's writings.

The Thursday services at the City Temple kept up in numbers during the hottest weeks of the season. On July 28, when Mr. Campbell preached for the last time before leaving for his vacation, there was a crowded attendance. Mr. Campbell had visited Oxford on the previous day, and he paid a glowing tribute to the character and genius of Cardinal Newman. "Whatever we may think of its later developments," he remarked, "there can be no doubt that in its inception Tractarianism was a call of God to vitalise the Church of England."

The Rev. John Francis Welsh, who has accepted the Bishopric of Trinidad, vacant by the death of the Right Rev. J. T. Hayes, has been since 1886 Principal of the St. Boniface Missionary College at Warminster. He

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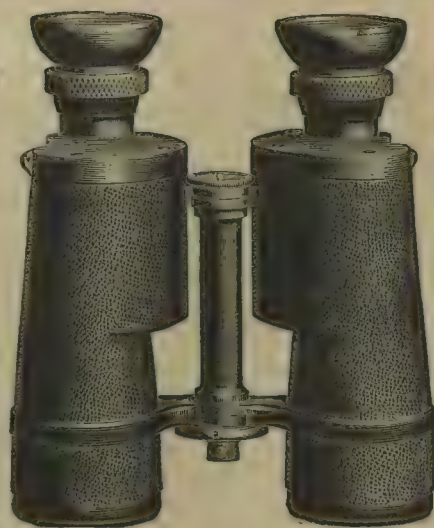
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is still under fifty, and from the beginning of his ministry has taken an active interest in foreign missions.

The Bishop of Winchester, though still far from strong, is gradually resuming his ordinary duties at Farnham. He received guests at a garden-party held in the Castle grounds in July, and was present at the athletic sports of the Grammar School.

Dr. Horton, who rowed stroke in his college boat at Oxford, has been preaching on the importance of athletics. While expressing admiration for the players in the football-field, he severely condemned the habit of merely looking on at games. Dr. Horton noted the interesting fact that the New Testament writers so often draw their most striking metaphors from the contests of the Olympian Games.

The Congregational Union will hold its Autumn Session at Cardiff, where it last met twenty-five years ago. The chairman for the year is the Rev. Albert Goodrich, of Manchester. The official sermon will be preached by the Rev. Charles New, of Hastings, and the Rev. C. Silvester Horne will address a meeting for merchants and business men at the Exchange.—V.

The new Hotel Metropole at Southend is likely to add to the attractions of this popular seaside resort. Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of 62-79, Hampstead Road, W., who have done a great deal of the furnishing, have displayed their usual artistic taste, and although the hotel is to be run at quite popular prices, it is a thoroughly handsome and attractive building.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 14, 1904) of MR. EDWARD COURAGE, of the Brewery, Horsleydown, and Shenfield Place, Essex, who died on June 10, was proved on July 21 by Edward Hubert Courage, Raymond Courage, and Miles Ralph Ferguson Courage, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £348,535. The testator gives his real estate in Yorkshire to his son Edward Hubert; and the household effects, horses, carriages, etc., to his son Raymond. One half of the residue of his property he leaves to his sons, and the other half, in trust, for his daughters, they bringing into account very large sums of money, and shares in Courage and Co. already given to or settled on them.

The will (dated March 24, 1875) of Lieutenant-Colonel LEOPOLD RICHARD SEYMOUR, late Grenadier Guards, of 95, Piccadilly, who died on May 30, was proved on July 18 by Mrs. Mary Hubbard Seymour, the widow, and Henry Parkman Sturgis, the value of the estate amounting to £156,101. The testator gives £500 and the household effects to his wife, and £100 to Henry P. Sturgis. All other his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated June 13, 1898), with a codicil of Oct. 7, 1900, of MR. BENJAMIN STOTT COOPER, of Danum House, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, who died on June 7, was proved on July 20 by Stephen Cooper and David Stott Cooper, the sons, the value of the estate being £81,665. The testator leaves all

his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his children until his youngest child attains the age of twenty-one years, and then for them in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1887) of ADMIRAL THE HON. WALTER CECIL CARPENTER, of Kiplin, near North-allerton, Yorkshire, who died on May 13, was proved on July 21 by the Earl of Brownlow, the brother-in-law, the value of the estate amounting to £79,657. The testator gives his jewels and personal articles to his wife; £1000 to his daughter, Sarah Marie Talbot Carpenter; and an annuity of £50 to Elizabeth Jocelyn. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then to his daughter.

The will (dated April 25, 1898), with four codicils, of WILLIAM RICHARD, BARON HARLECH, of 37, Chesham Place, and Brogyntyn, Oswestry, Salop, who died on June 26, was proved on July 15 by George, Lord Harlech, the son, Lord William Frederick Ernest Seymour, the brother-in-law, and Martin Benson Lawford, the value of the estate, so far as can at present be ascertained, being £75,024. The testator devises all his real estate in Ireland to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his eldest son, and his real estate in England and Wales is to follow the trusts of the settled family estates. Having appointed £10,000 each, in trust, for his daughters Mary Georgina and Emily, he now gives £4000, in trust, for each of them; and such a sum as will make up the portions of his son Henry Arthur to £22,165 and of his son Seymour Fitzroy to £15,000. Lord Harlech gives £2000 and part of his furniture, etc., to his eldest son; £1000 each to his sons Henry



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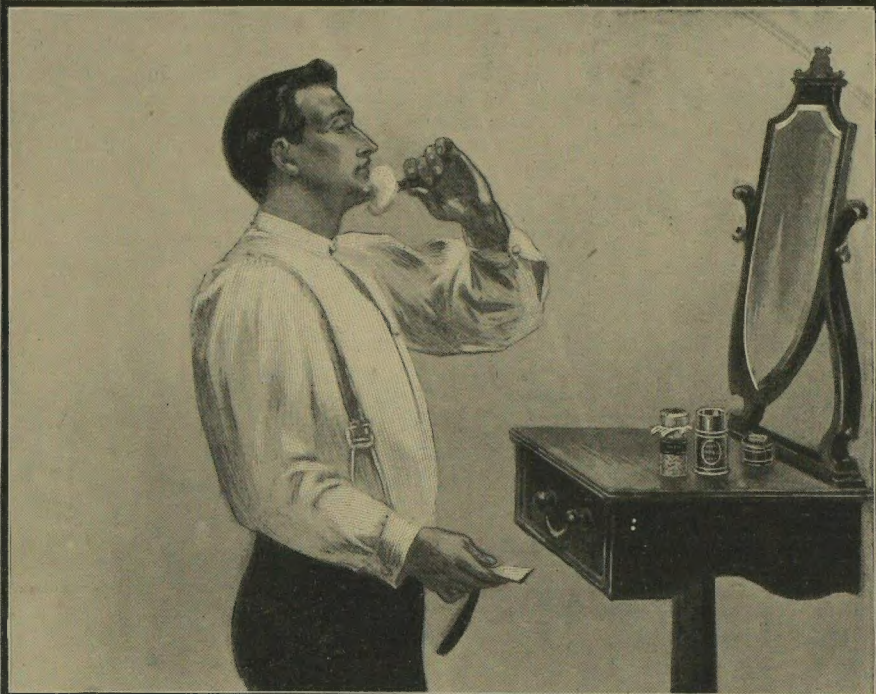
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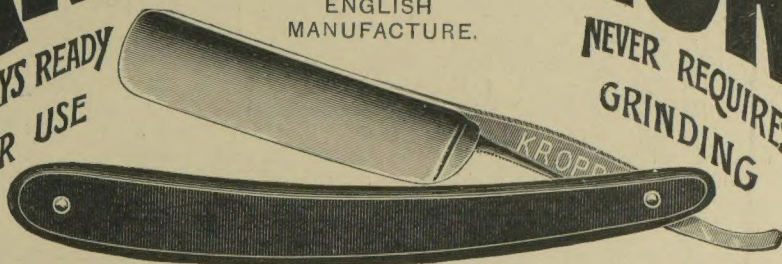
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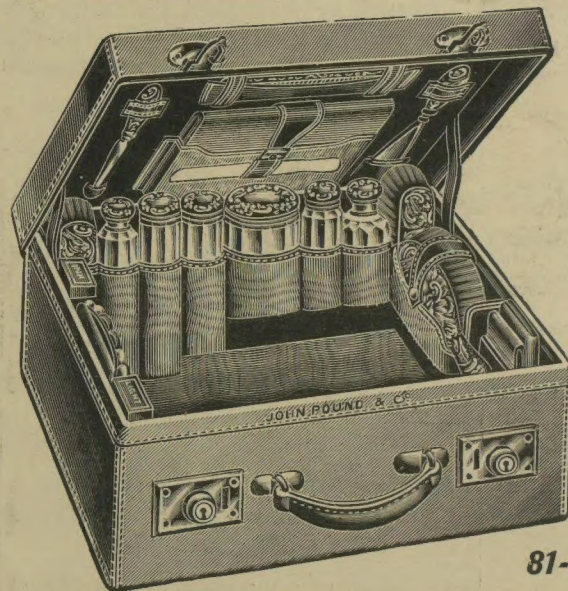


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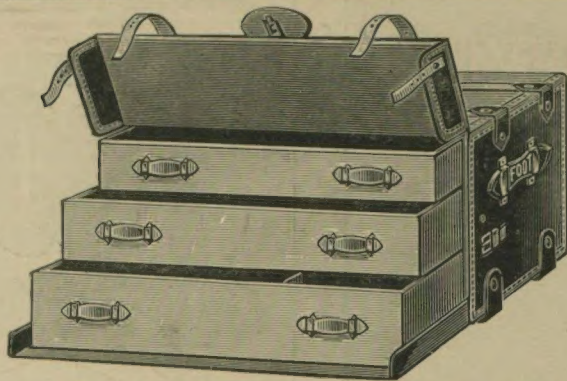
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The will (dated Nov. 7, 1894), with a codicil (of March 6, 1903), of Mr. AUGUSTUS EAST MANLEY, of Manley Hall, Staffordshire, who died on May 26, was proved on July 15 by Colonel Francis Capel Manley, the son, the value of the estate being £51,478. The testator gives £100 to his brother Francis; £300 to his wife, who is already well provided for; £100, and during the life of her mother £300 per annum, to his daughter Louisa Georgina; and a few small legacies. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his son.



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The will (dated June 16, 1904) of RICHARD EDMUND ST. LAWRENCE, EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY, K.P., P.C., of 40, Charles Street, W., and Marston, Frome, Somerset, who died on June 22, was proved on July 18 by Charles Spencer Canning, now Earl of Cork, the son, and Robert Kirkman Hodgson, the son-in-law, the value of the estate amounting to £42,748. The testator devises his unsettled, real, and leasehold estates in Somerset and Ireland to the use of his eldest son, in tail male, but the Irish part is charged with the payment of £5000, in trust, for his daughter Lady Emily Harriet Catherine Alexander; and £500 per annum in augmentation of the jointure of his wife. He gives his residence in Charles Street, and part of his household furniture to his wife; £500 to his granddaughter Evelyn Alexander; his shares in the National Press Agency to his grandson Ulick Alexander; £200 to William Cooper; £100 to Mr. Robert K. Hodgson; £100 to Mrs. Alice Dunn; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the son who shall succeed him.

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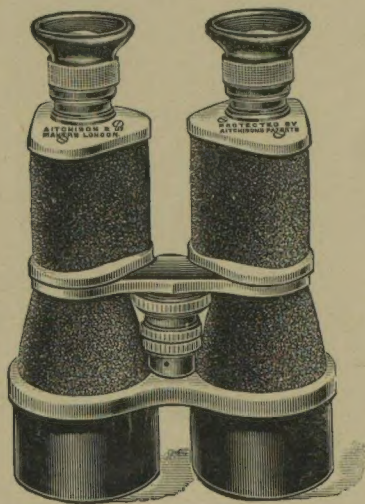
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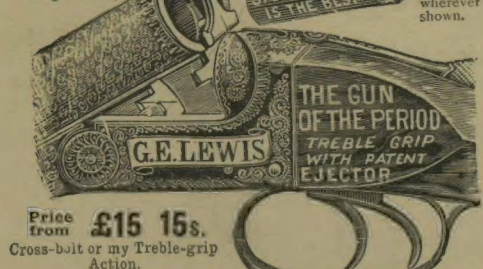


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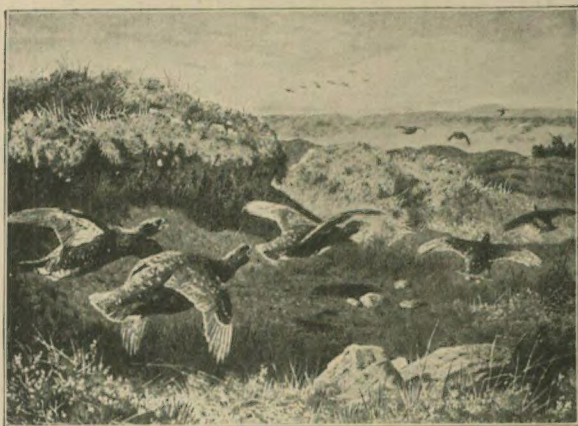
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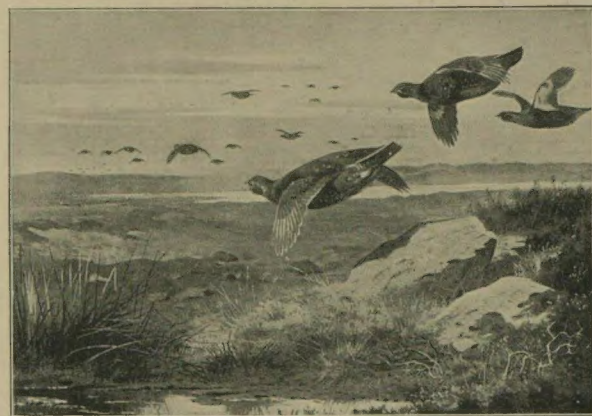
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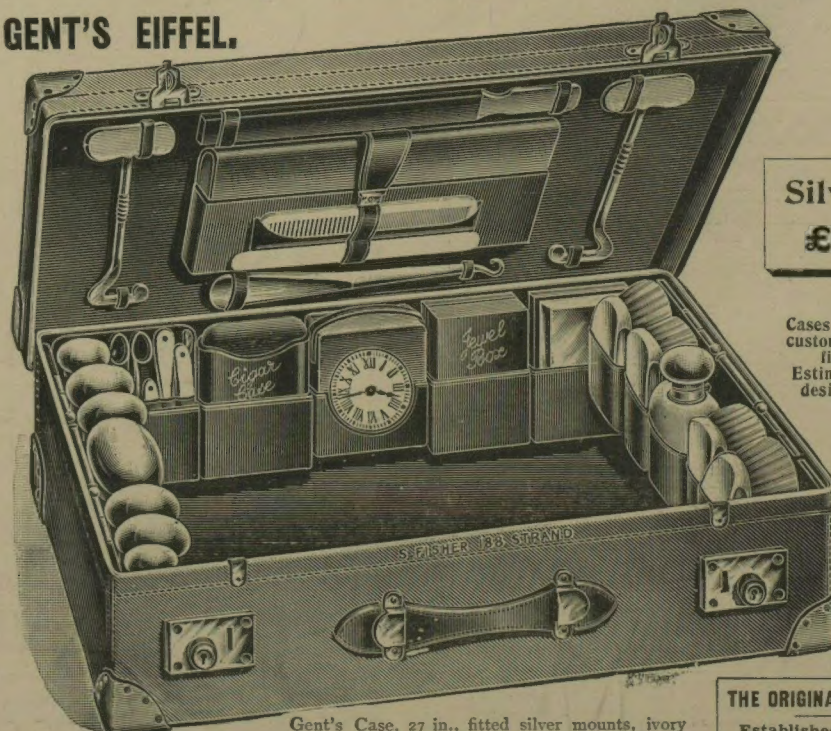


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